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Debatable Points in Taxation

By SIR JOSIAH STAMP

In this talk Sir Josiah Stamp provides a background from the economist's point of view to the debate between two party politicians which is to be broadcast on November 18 on the vexed subject of Taxation

THE body of teaching or principles which is called the science of taxation consists of two main parts—the collected and classified experience of modern peoples in raising taxes in various ways, and the relations between different ways of taxing (and different *degrees* of taxing) to wealth-making and production, and to the economic life.

Although taxation and public expenditure are necessarily related, be careful how far you are enticed into discussing one under the pretence that it is the other, or how your mind passes unwarily from one to the other. Every modern community has expenditure either on objects for the common good, which are unattainable by individual expenditure (such as defence, law and order, drainage), or else on objects which give greater satisfaction or good to the individual than alternative kinds of expenditure by the individual. The most important or obvious of these objects get attended to first, and each successive object may yield less advantage than the last. But each successive increase of taxation becomes more onerous to bear, and after taxation has deprived the individual of his lesser satisfaction and luxuries, it begins to cut into his standard expenditure and his more important comforts, and perhaps his necessities. So as public expenditure, and the consequent taxation, increases, it tends to provide him with a

new unit of good collectively, which is less in satisfaction than the unit of good of which he feels he is now deprived. I will assume that a considered total of expenditure exists on objects which provide more satisfaction or good to the individual than the alternative set of objects would have done, which that individual could have obtained for himself with the money drawn away in taxes. Where this balancing point actually comes is a legitimate and natural subject of political discussion, but it is not my subject. For example, it may be argued that the individual does not know how much better for him libraries and swimming baths may be, than freedom to spend money in beer or cinemas, or how much more productive his community may be with labour exchanges than without, or even that we should not measure the advantage of one object against the other to a particular individual, but that given classes of individuals may rightly be called upon to make a net sacrifice by taxes, if another set gets a larger net advantage by public expenditure. All these are natural subjects for political discussion in their particular practical applications. I do not embark upon them, but assume a model balanced expenditure, and ask: On what principles ought the required money to be raised? Or perhaps the more likely question: How shall any increased requirement be obtained or any relief be afforded? That is the field of a taxation discussion. The answers are not the same for different countries—something depends on the stage of

development of previous history. A country without a skilled civil service may not be ready for a developed income tax, may rightly rely more on duties on imports and exports at its chief ports of entry, or, like France until recently, it may rely on taxing by presumptive signs of income rather than the actual income itself, such as the size of a house or shop, the possession of a motor-car and so on.

Determining Taxable Capacity

For most communal expenditure it is impossible to tax men according to the respective benefit they derive, for it cannot be individually divided and determined. Moreover, if the proper charge upon a man for having elementary education provided for his children could be found, and he were unable to meet it, the ultimate benefit in a different sense, for avoiding an illiterate population, might rest on the whole community in its greater general prosperity. So one of the main principles of taxation rests in ability to pay, and much of the subject of taxation as a branch of analysis, deals with how to ascertain that ability. For a long time it was thought that a man with £1,000 a year had twice the ability of one with £500, and a man with £5,000 had five times that of the man with £1,000, and taxes would then be levied in proportion. Nowadays it is generally accepted, with the support of certain elements of economic analysis, which I need not enter into—that this understates the ability of the larger incomes, and that £1,000 has more than twice £500 and £5,000 more than five times £1,000. But exactly how much more, no one can determine, though many people guess. For they are attempting to find equal sacrifice, and no one can tell whether another person's shoe is pinching twice as much as his own, and indeed it is difficult to reduce pain or hardship to comparative quantities. Thirty years ago students of public finance used to dread the introduction of this progressive element in taxation, as they call it, because it was so indeterminate. 'At sea without rudder or compass', one declared. And events have not altogether made the fear unjustified. That no exact measure beyond trial and error exists, is apparent from the very different degree of progression for like incomes which exists in different countries. In America, where incomes of considerable amount have been much more common than here, and perhaps more easily come by, they are often aghast at the weight of our burden compared with their own. One class naturally thinks that another can bear more of the burden than its own, and in a populous democracy, with equal voting power, this means that progression is likely to be carried to the steepest limit. But it does not follow that this notion of comparative hardship, carried out in this way, even if an accurate measure, is by itself the true solution. For another test must always be applied and watched, and that is the secondary economic effect of taxing in particular ways. We are all the losers if the whole economic machine has a reduced total product to be shared amongst the population, and it is quite possible for a disproportionate taxation of one section to bring about a lower total product than some rival method. For example, suppose that too large a proportion rested upon the poorest workers with the largest families, it might well be that their net means would be reduced to a point where the ordinary needs of nourishment were impaired, their willingness and physical ability to work reduced, and the health of their families affected. The other classes of the community would, in the end, lose by their apparent gain in shifting an undue proportion of the initial burden from their own shoulders. The converse may be equally true. Let it be assumed that a certain annual accretion of savings or capital is necessary for keeping the physical equipment of the community up to date, and taking advantage of invention, etc., in business expansion, and that we have depended in fact upon a large proportion of this coming from a certain section. Now let this source of capital be impaired by an excessive proportion of taxation

for current expenditure, then if the favoured sections do not take over the responsibility (or have not the ability for producing this capital) the total will fall short and the element requisite for the growth of industry will not be forthcoming, and all classes will suffer. It is no good getting a larger proportion of the cake if, in so doing, the whole cake is reduced in size. If taxation is pursued too far along one line or on one class, it may impair the incentive of that class. I heard of a case where a professional man with no fortune, but with considerable current earnings, was asked to take on a particular job for which he was specially well fitted. It was not very attractive to him, for he was already working to the point of sacrifice of leisure, but the inducement held out was a fee of £1,000. He pointed out that this was unattractive to him. For the fee became immediately liable to income tax at 5s. and supertax at 6s., so that he would get only £450 net, and on investing this at 4 per cent., it would bring in £18 a year which, again taxed at 11s. in the £, would leave him with a net improvement in his income of only £8 a year. He declined the work, and it was given to inferior experience. In all proposals for taxation or relief it is therefore important to study not only what looks like individual justice, but also effects upon incentive, and the effect upon the whole national dividend.

Motives and Results in Taxation

The next aspect is that whereas we have been looking at taxation merely as the means of raising a particular sum of money, it may often be thought of primarily as achieving other objects—a tariff to protect an industry, for example, where the more successful it is in protecting, the less may it contribute to the real object of revenue. Or a cat-hater may want a tax on cats to reduce their numbers, and a teetotaler to reduce the consumption of liquor—in which case the higher the tax and the more successful in achieving its ulterior object, the less valuable it may be as pure taxation for revenue. The most important general class of this kind is the avowed object of changing the distribution of wealth. Many will acquiesce in great disparity in earning and getting, provided they can have a system of redistribution by taxation, putting up pensions and social services without regard to the literal economic balance of advantage from communal expenditure and personal abstinence with which we set out. I am not saying that these objects are not proper subjects for political discussion, but only that you should recognise clearly which field of the argument you are in—whether in any particular instance it is taxation for the object of raising a certain sum of money, or taxation with ulterior motives and objects—and so be ready to apply the appropriate cautions and tests.

But in practice a most important field of taxation covers those taxes which are certainly imposed for revenue primarily, but which must have other effects, and in which these ulterior motives and objects cannot be ignored. A given sum might be raised by a tax on beer or a tax on milk. We should at once exclaim that one tends to reduce the consumption, by the head of the house, of a less essential kind, and the other the consumption by the family of the more essential.

Perhaps it would be fairest to put it this way—we do not so much set out to reduce the consumption of particular things, as to find those things in which taxation will work the least harm. So the choice falls upon articles which are not absolute necessities, but which are still wanted sufficiently (tea, sugar, tobacco, beer) by the masses to be sure of yielding a revenue and not suddenly evaded. The proper choice of such articles and the right degree of taxation thereon are natural subjects for difference of view. This difference of view extends also even to the question whether there ought to be indirect taxes at all—that is, taxes which are not paid by the individual as taxes, but are hidden in the price of something he

(Continued on page 669)

The Empire's Homage Memorials of a Million Dead

By Major-General SIR FABIAN WARE

'All these millions of dead speak with one mind, and they say to the statesmen of the world: "You have failed to achieve your ends by other means than war, and we have expiated your failure—fail not again, accept our atonement and give new faith and life to the world"'

IT is fourteen years since the first Armistice Day. That is a long time even to us older people; but it has needed every hour of it to record permanently, in stone, the names of those of our men who fell in the Great War—more than one million of them. The Empire decided that their names should be so recorded and the work was completed when the Prince of Wales unveiled the Somme Memorial last August.

I am not going to describe that work to you here, but you will have some idea of what it means when I tell you that more than 670,000 headstones have been erected in over 2,000 British War cemeteries dotted all over the world, and more than 460,000 names of missing men have been carved in stone on memorials built in every country in which the armies of the Empire fought.

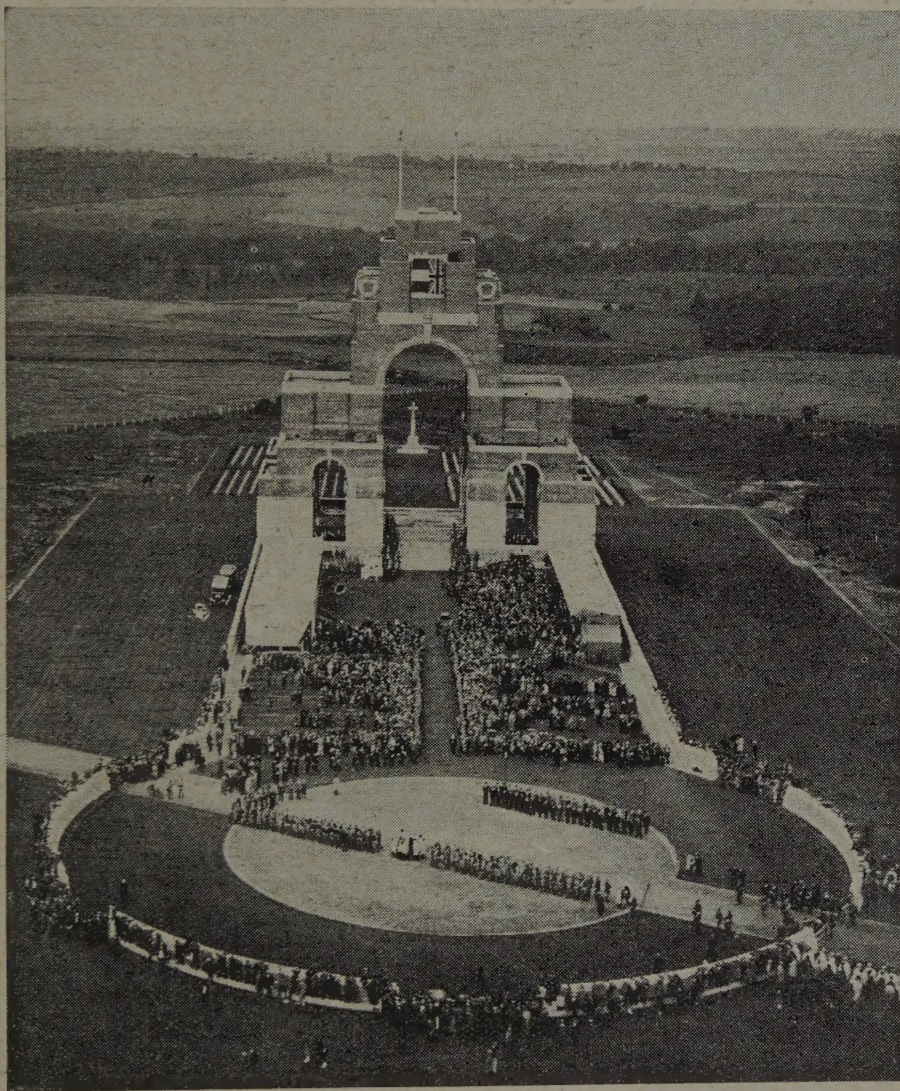
I want, however, to speak more particularly to those of you who did not take part in the War, but who have inherited its consequences, from which you have no escape. You did not share in its actual sufferings or enjoy its excitements, its periods of real spiritual elation. You merely suffer from its consequences, stern, dull and unromantic, making demands on unstimulated faith and courage such as the War itself never made. These consequences are producing a revolution of our civilisation which develops implacably, beyond human control, and of which the goal cannot be seen or even imagined by you as we saw or imagined our goals in the pre-War days. Is there no foundation on which you can steady your feet?

One of our elder statesmen wrote to me the other day after a visit to France, that the graveyards seemed to be the only permanent result which the War had achieved. If this is so, it is a natural outcome of a simple realisation, instinctive, true, amidst all the false and illusive hopes in the hour of victory, that the greatest fact of the War was the sacrifice of these men and that the record of these should be made imperishable. That was the least honour which could be paid to those on whom had fallen the expiation of the shortcomings of previous

generations—the atonement for the failure of our statesmen in the so-called Victorian and Edwardian Eras to achieve their ends by other means than war. Things we then said—stirred by overwhelming emotion, which have since become almost hackneyed—such as 'They died that we might live', these things were true; and if you read the hymns and poems, some of which have survived, and you will hear again on Armistice

Day, you will see that with all reverence, profoundly Christian as their authors were, the analogy of the Great Sacrifice and Atonement colours them all.

Now, in constructing the War cemeteries and memorials, a work to which, as you know, has been given the best the Empire had of artistic skill and feeling, the guiding principle has been simplicity. We have not tried through architectural expression to give our own interpretation to the message that these million dead have for future generations;—we have endeavoured to leave them to speak for themselves. We can perhaps learn best what that message is from those who have visited these holy places; those who have made the pilgrimage are now a mighty host. In their hundreds of thousands, people of every creed or allegiance,



One of the latest War Memorials to be dedicated—in the cemetery at Thiepval

Central Press

in every town or village at home, in France and Belgium, in our Dominions, in every land where our dead are resting, have borne in these November days, and are still bearing their tributes of honour to our graves.

As the years have passed, that message has become more and more definite and insistent, a clear note in all the confusion and babble of contemporary opinion, the one clear note that sounds above the chaos of post-War thought and pessimism. That message is one of expiation and atonement for the past. So that, as the Prince of Wales reminded us at Thiepval, these permanent records are no mere Book of the Dead—they are the opening of a new Book of Life, and what a Book of Life it may become! For remember it is not only we and our former allies who remember our dead; our former



The Monumental Pylons of Etaples

Country Life

enemies are also listening to the same message from theirs. We are now constantly reminded of this. The newspapers tell us at the moment that in neutral countries at this season, ex-service men of all countries are meeting together in cathedrals and churches in solemn commemoration. Need I say that there is nothing in our British war cemeteries, reverently tended by ex-service men, which is not attuned to such commemoration—they express no bitterness or hatred towards our former enemies—if they had done so they would not have been worthy of the spirit in which our men fought and died; it is perhaps difficult for those who were not at the front during the War to realise how small a part hatred played in the British fighting soldier's attitude towards the fighting soldier on the other side; for a dead enemy there was never the slightest feeling of ill-will. A similar attitude is marked in France, too, to-day. Speaking at Lens to his own French people, beneath the shadow of Vimy, a fortnight ago, M. Herriot, the French Prime Minister, rising above political controversy, said:

Among you sleep 75,000 German war dead, men who undoubtedly asked nothing but to live in tranquillity. Let us pay to them such homage as we have addressed to our own war dead, for France has no hatred for her former enemy.

So I would say, at this time of remembrance of the Great War, to you to whom personally that War is no more than a dark shadow, deepening as the background of history recedes, that in this season you can find a foothold in spite of the welter of things material and spiritual. Do not be deceived into thinking that human nature is not just what it was when we were young—brave men are still brave men and would act again as they did in 1914 if called on by their statesmen to do so. Stand, then, firmly by these dead. Let their voice be heard, the voice of all of them, friend and foe of the Great War—see that the statesmen of the British Empire hear their message and do all in your power to make sure that it is heard also by the statesmen of France and of Germany, of our late allies and of our late enemies. For all these millions of dead speak with one mind and they say to the statesmen

of the world: 'You have failed to achieve your ends by other means than war and we have expiated your failure—fail not again, accept our atonement and give new faith and life to the world'.

We of the Imperial War Graves Commission will feel that our work has been indeed a great work if it not only points the way, as it certainly does, to a closer partnership and companionship of all parts of the Empire for which these men died, but also draws all nations together in 'sanity and self-control'.

When the B.B.C. arranged that from the beginning of 1928 there should be broadcast each day short religious services, not even those who had felt that there was a need in the wireless programme for such an item had expected it to meet with the enthusiastic welcome it received. But by the end of the year the requests for copies of the prayers used were so many that it was thought possible to publish them in a small volume, and within three years *This Day* had run into four editions. It has now been re-issued in a new form, edited by the Reverend Hugh Johnston, formerly of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, and now Rector of Cranleigh, who has been connected with the 10.15 morning service since its inception. The prayers were drawn from various sources, and by their very simplicity seek to express the everyday need of common humanity for guidance in its multitudinous affairs. *When Two or Three** presents the form of service as broadcast, with suggested hymns and psalms which are related to the particular thought that has guided the choice of prayers for that day. The compiler expresses the hope that the book will be found useful, not only by those who have followed the daily service and would like to use the prayers for themselves, but by 'those who have the responsibility of putting together short forms of service for special occasions and needs in churches, or for prayers in schools and homes or at meetings', who 'may be able to find here ready to hand material that they can adapt for their own purposes'.

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*Our Debt to the Past—VII**The Contribution of Judæa*

By HERBERT M. J. LOEWE

IN the Middle Ages people sometimes wondered where their civilisation came from and why they were not savages. They thought about this more often than we do, because they stood nearer in time and in place to the barbarians than we stand. Mr. Last has told us what we owe to Rome for having kept the barbarians back, and we all know what happened in England, when the Roman armies left, about 1,500 years ago—how the Northmen and others came pouring in. Piracy went on in parts of the world for a long time: we did not hear the last of the Barbary Corsairs, till 1805, and less than a hundred years ago there were still pirates in other places. But, on the whole, it is fair to say that cannibals, pirates, and heathen are curiosities to the modern world: they were very real dangers in olden times. And so folk who loved their homes, their safety, their trade, their civilisation, naturally thought of the warrior kings who gave them security and who enabled civilisation to pass and grow from age to age. They called them the Nine Worthies—three pagans, three Jews and three Christians. On them civilisation rested. A slightly different Jewish tradition teaches that there are always thirty-six saints in the world, not necessarily kings, possibly humble folk, artisans and the like. No one ever recognises them, but secretly they save the world. Shakespeare put the worthies in *'Love's Labour's Lost'*, and a wall painting of the worthies, dating from Shakespeare's time, has just been found in a house at Amersham. Dante, too, includes the worthies and Dr. Abrahams says: 'In this vision of the Warriors of God, Dante sets Judas Maccabeus between Joshua and Charlemagne, a most significant position. For Joshua founded Hebraism in the polity of the ancient world and Charles the Great consolidated the empire of the daughter Church in mediæval Europe. But for Judas, the wars of Joshua would have been wasted: but for Judas, the wars of Charlemagne would have been impossible'.

My task is harder than Professor Cornford's or Mr. Last's. They did not have to explain the beauty of the Acropolis, of a Greek vase or coin or statue. Everyone of us who uses a cross-country motor 'bus is grateful for the straight roads which the Romans built. We all know, at once, what we owe to Greece and Rome. But I fear that the very title *Judæa* makes many of you suspect that I want to give you a sermon and you are ready to switch off. But who could preach from a cosy armchair by a cheery fireside! Moreover, I am speaking to people of all shades of belief or of none at all, so I am bound to stick to facts and I cannot appeal to faith. I will not use my scanty time in proving every statement I make, but you can check what I say in the books I have listed in Dr. Bevan's pamphlet.*

Now the secret of window-dressing is to show only a few things and only the finest things, for the good is a bad neighbour to the best. It is such a mistake to claim too much. Admirable Crichtons are rare: Jacks of All Trades are common. We admire the unique: we suspect versatility. On the inside cover of the pamphlet is Dryden's translation of Virgil's famous line that we learned at school. I mean the glorious passage in which he tells the Emperor Augustus that Rome's task is not poetry—though

Virgil was one of the greatest poets the world ever produced—not sculpture, not art, but to impose peace. All else he throws overboard. He concentrates on this alone, this one magnificent thing.

We find something like this in a little Hebrew poem, possibly by Rabbi Abraham ibn Ezra of Spain, who died in 1168, and whose name is known to you from Browning:

What varied themes arouse the nations' lyres!

Ishmael sings of love and passion's fires.

While Edom's minstrel tunes his martial lays

To hero's deeds and songs of fierce fought frays.

The Greek, in stately verse, of wisdom tells:

The Hindu sings sweet fables, magic spells.

By one sure sign is Israel's music known:

She sings of God, she sings of Him alone.



Two of the old wall paintings of the Nine Worthies, discovered in a house at Amersham: the effigies shown here are of Julius Cæsar and Joshua

The Times

Poets must not be taken literally. Ibn Ezra, by Ishmael and Rome, means Saracens and Crusaders. But Edom's singers also sang of God. Besides the Minnesingers and Troubadours and Boccaccio, who sang of love, there were saints like Thomas of Celano. Just think of ancient hymns like 'Day of Wrath, O Day of Mourning', or 'Come, Holy Ghost, our Souls inspire'. But ibn Ezra and Virgil are right in saying that one people can do one thing, and one thing only, better than others. And so, now that I am going to speak about our debt to Judæa, I am confining myself to one thing also. Let me give you an example to show why I omit what some of you may expect me to put in. Let us take architecture as the test. Before the Jews were driven from Spain in 1492, they had built some very beautiful synagogues, so beautiful that they are national monuments to-day. If I were talking about the Jews alone, I should mention these synagogues. You will find them described in the *Legacy of Israel*.† But we are concerned with world history and so these synagogues lose their significance completely. For examples of perfect architecture we look instinctively to the Parthenon, to the Alhambra, to St. Peter's. Jews were not great architects. The architecture of the Temple itself was borrowed: there is no Jewish Vitruvius, no Jewish Christopher Wren. If we try to make out that the debt we owe to Judæa lies in architecture, art, music, medicine, mathematics and what-not—as people often do—well, then we fail to prove our case and, what is worse, our real case may be damaged. We risk that the unique and undeniable claim of Judæa may be undervalued and ignored. I do not propose to tell you that Jews popularised stone dwellings in England or introduced the mortgage. All that is irrelevant. What England owes to Judæa is the Bible. That is the Judæan contribution.

As regards this gift of Judæa, there are four points to be considered. Firstly, the gift has been entirely moral and ethical. Secondly, there has been no stronger force in the Western world. Thirdly, it has come to the Western world through two channels, apostolic Christianity and rabbinic Judaism, and to the East through Islam. Fourthly, it has really been effective in colouring our civilisation. Here let me say what I mean by moral or ethical. Roughly speaking, I mean our attitude to each

**Our Debt to the Past*, by Dr. Edwyn Bevan B.B.C., 4d. (post free 5d.). †Oxford University Press, 10s.

other and to the State, our social behaviour and our character. I do not refer to our private attitude to God in a sectarian sense. I must now keep ethics distant from dogmatic religion, and I must also exclude the effect of morals on life in quite a number of excellent but subsidiary directions—for example, the love of learning. True, Judaism and Islam kept the lamp of learning alight during the Dark Ages; illiteracy is almost unknown among Jews; in the thirteenth century the Jewish laity in England could draw up their own leases and compose literature, whereas no king before Edward III could sign his name—or rather no earlier royal signature is known. But love of learning is not the chief element in Judæan ethics. In a word, the chief element is love of righteousness, as we shall see. This righteousness cannot be separated from a belief in a God. I am not contradicting what I said a moment ago about sectarianism; I refer to righteousness based

on the acceptance of a deity. Anatheist Prime Minister, philosopher, general, violinist, cricketer may reach the summit of excellence in his sphere, and his excellence may be of outstanding benefit to the world. But from Judæa it does not spring. A Jew who no longer believes in God and who does not live the Jewish life is no Jew. A Christian who no longer believes in Jesus and who does not live the Christian life is no Christian. Their influence is not Judæan. Karl Marx, Disraeli, Mendelssohn and Herschell were of Jewish origin, but ceased to be Jews. Their contributions to civilisation may have been good or bad, according to the view you take of Socialism or Imperialism, but their contributions were due to influences other than the Judæan. For how could such opposites as Disraeli and Marx be nursed upon the self same hill? Similar examples will spring to your mind of famous men who are no longer Christians. Thus the message of Judæa comes not from secularists, however distinguished: it may come to us from the midst of the slums, from an unknown Rabbi, or a parish

priest, from those whom the world deems to be despised and rejected of men. This ethical contribution of Judæa is independent of all limitations, geographical, temporal, social. It is tied to no land. The Ten Commandments were given in the desert: not the least of the prophets lived in exile. The chief work of Apostles and Rabbis lay outside Palestine. The greater Talmud is the Babylonian Talmud: the Acts of the Apostles deal but little with Judæa. Christianity is tied to no ecclesiastical centre, it is world wide; Judaism has produced its best in dispersion, and though historic memories and idealistic hopes endear the Holy Land to every Jew, the gift which Judaism brings to the world has been and is no less effective in London than it is or ever can be in Jerusalem, until the coming of the Golden Age transmutes humanity. Secondly, I said that there was no greater moral force in the Western world. What I mean is that while in Asia the religious teachings of Confucius, Zoroaster and Buddha are exceedingly powerful, in Europe and America they have little practical influence. Nor do we mould our lives on the ethics of Plato or Seneca, great though they were.

My third point was about the channels through which this Judæan message comes to us. We are but little concerned with Islam, for we are not dealing with the East primarily. Islam is a great Judæan religion. It teaches that there is one God; it fosters prayer, charity and learning. It puts down drink, gambling and infanticide, and among its followers suicide is very rare. But Judaism and Christianity stand nearer to each other than to Islam, for a reason that jumps to your lips as I speak—the Bible. Islam has not the Bible, though it has many stories from Old and New Testaments. But in the Kuran the story of Joseph, for example, is told not in the sober narrative of Genesis: it has become a romance. We are in the midst of a mediæval miracle play. The Moslem stories are more like tales of the Church Fathers and Rabbis than pages of the Bible. Do not make the mistake of saying that Muhammad spoke of the Jews as the

people of the book. He did no such thing. In fact, he accused the Jews of falsifying the Bible. The phrase means 'people who have the Scriptures': the phrase is used both of Christians and of Jews, and it is their main difference from Islam.

What about the differences between Judaism and Christianity? Of these I propose to say nothing at all. I am now concerned with what they have in common, for that is what I call the Judæan message. I think of the incalculable influence on English life and thought, speech and literature, exercised by the Bible. I need but mention the Psalms, the Authorised Version, Bunyan, Milton. If, when I speak of the debt to Judæa, I choose my illustrations more from the Jewish than from the Christian side, it is because most listeners are Christians and are likely to be more familiar with the Christian side: the Jewish counterparts may possibly not be known to them.

Now my fourth point is that the Judæan influence has coloured our civilisation. Whether you consider our civilisation good or bad does not matter for the moment: what I

mean is that if you remove the Judæan influence, the colour of our civilisation instantly changes. I hope I shall be perfectly fair in what follows: it is so easy to select examples that are not truly representative and to judge a system not by itself but by the abuse of itself. So I will state the facts and leave you to reflect upon them. First of all, the French Revolution eliminated the Judæan message very thoroughly. What about the Terror that followed? What about 'O Liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name?' Instantly, you answer, 'That's all very well, but what about Lucretius' line: "Such dreadful evils could religion bring about!" What about Smithfield, St. Bartholomew, and the Inquisition; what about mediæval persecution and massacre in the name of religion?' Well, think about this; I say no more. Let us come to the present time. Here I can give you two examples. Russia is trying a great social experiment, and no words of mine, no implied sneer, shall prejudice the sincerity of this effort. But the experiment involves the elimination of the Judæan message. Religion is not encouraged in Russia: it is one of the few remaining countries that are



Church and Synagogue

Two fine allegorical figures from the porch of Strasbourg Cathedral. The Church (left) looks sternly at her sister; in her left hand she holds the chalice, with her right she plants the banner of the Cross firmly on the ground. The Synagogue (right), with eyes veiled and downcast look, holds a broken staff, and grasps in her left hand a fragment of the tables of the Commandments

From 'The Legacy of Israel' (Clarendon Press, Oxford)

closed to the British and Foreign Bible Society, and even Dr. Bevan's book on Christianity, a work similar to his pamphlet, was refused admission by the Russian Post Office. My point is, not that our civilisation is better, but that it is different from the Russian. For example, our views and theirs differ about the freedom of literature. Any serious Russian book can enter England. Or again, we regard the family as a valuable institution: Russia would dissolve the family and substitute the State. I recommend to you Canon Newsom's recent book, *The New Morality*,* which sets the two views side by side with the utmost fairness. Or again, in England there is still a chance for individualism, in spite of the growth of mass-production and rationalisation. But in Russia, individualism is definitely unpatriotic. So you see there is a vast difference between the two systems. Take one more example. In Germany there was a school of thought, noticeable in 1908, when Haupt tried to prove that Jesus was an Aryan. The Movement spread under Houston Chamberlain and Ludendorff: it desired to revert to the Scandinavian gods and reject the so-called slave morality of the Semites. The conscience and the good sense of Germany have crushed this movement, but not before its followers had committed and justified a particularly brutal murder on the ground that the victim was a sojourner and a foreigner—not a Jew, by the way. The Judæan message insists over and over again that there must be one law for native and foreigner alike, and that there must be no distinction between bond and free, between Jew and Greek, and that the sojourner is not to be vexed.

The first characteristic of the Judæan message is its emphasis on righteousness as the basis of private and public life. It is the emphasis that is so important, for all mankind has an instinct for righteousness. Yet it is the Hebrew prophets, and not those of Moab or Assyria, that influence Europe. Some say, incorrectly, that this was because Israel had a peculiar system of divine government, called a theocracy. The real reason was that the God of Israel was a righteous God and forbade what Chemosh, the idol of Moab, ordained. The sins of impurity to which Israel often succumbed on every hill and under every tree were in defiance, and not in obedience, to the teachings of the prophets. The Hebrew prophets insisted that righteousness comes before material success: they could see the justification of their teaching even in national disaster. No Hebrew prophet could have said that might comes before right, that necessity knows no law: he said 'not by might but by the spirit'. But you will ask—and rightly ask—was this peculiarly Hebrew? It may be true of Israel as against Moab, but what about Greece, what about the Greek detestation of over-weening pride (*hubris*), what about Plato's teaching of righteousness? Now it is a bad actor who grudges a share of the limelight to his colleagues. A good thing stands out on its own true merits, not because of the supposed faults of others. Greece and Israel do not need to depreciate each other but, as I said at the beginning, each has its own sphere. There was something peculiar about the Hebrew righteousness; it was the belief on which it rested, the fatherhood of God. That made all the difference. To Socrates righteousness was as dear as it was to Hosea. But contrast the relation of each to their wives; Socrates and his tiresome but honest Xantippe; Hosea and his attractive but sinful Gomer, who sold herself for the price of two figs, and whom he strove so pathetically to reclaim.

The next thing to note is the Hebrew attitude to time and purpose. As Dr. Bevan puts it, to the ancients time seemed to move in a circle. Some thought the world had always existed and would always exist, others that there was an endless series of repetitions that growth and decay alternated. No effort was worth while, life was monotony. There was a mechanical repetition in the universe. Things led nowhere. Sir James Jeans, in *The Mysterious Universe*, says 'Nature permits herself literally only two alternatives, progress and death: the only standing still that she permits is the stillness of the grave'. Again, 'The Universe begins to look more like a great thought than a great machine'. The Hebrew looked upon time as moving in a straight line: there was a plan in the universe: there was conscious purpose. History moved onward. Effort was worth while. This idea of progress is the doctrine of the Messiah, that mankind is moving forward to a glorious future of international peace, either spontaneously or under the guidance of a divine teacher. This optimism and this trust in the future are the basis of every movement for international co-operation. The League of Nations rests on Isaiah XI.

There is another point; science needs evolution. There can be no evolution if everything leads back to its starting point like a recurring decimal. The Hebrew ideal is that each generation increases the knowledge handed down to it; in fact, it is better than its fathers. We see this in science and in morals. We can measure the improvement in society as vindictive punishment gives place to just penalties, of 'eye for eye' not 'two eyes for one' and finally as compensation replaces penalties. Whether by revelation or by intuition, knowledge increases. The Golden Age lies in the future, not when Saturn was king. We look forward, not to a return to the mammoth, but to the lion lying down with the lamb.

My last point is the belief that one supreme force rules the universe and that this force is not mechanical, but a personal being with whom man can have relations. This belief that there is one God Whom we call the Father is called Monotheism. You may wonder that I did not come to this point first, as the Jewish and Christian creeds do, but these creeds are written for those who believe. I cannot now argue that a Creator exists, but the belief is part of the Judæan message, for Judaism and Christianity and Islam are historic religions and not systems of abstract ethics. To-day we know a good deal about the original inhabitants of Palestine. Their towns have been excavated and the different elevations in the ground show us how people lived before and after the coming of Israel. On p. 36 of the pamphlet, you will see pictures of human sacrifices, standing pillars and sacred groves. Children were buried in jars under houses or were burnt alive. Of other horrors I cannot now speak. The Book of Leviticus, called the Law of Holiness, says 'Ye shall be Holy for I the Lord your God am Holy'. 'All these abominations have the Canaanites done and the land vomited them forth'. We can contrast the improved conditions in the higher levels, when human foundation sacrifices give place to jars of corn and wine, reminiscent of the ceremonies with which Freemasons to-day dedicate a foundation stone. Sometimes the later Israelites committed these sins when they went astray after other gods like the horned Astarte or the Moon Goddess. It took some time before the belief in one single God was established. People sometimes believed that their gods had as much power as a parish council, that is to say, my god was the right one for my village and yours for your village. Such a belief is called henotheism; it does not believe in one supreme god. Where had the Israelites got their monotheism from? Judaism and Christianity make Abraham the first teacher of one God. Acts VII. 2 talks of his mission through Mesopotamia and coincides with the Jewish tradition that the phrase in Genesis XII. 5, which speaks of the souls which Abraham and Sarah had made, refers not to the slaves they acquired but to the converts they won. Other views make the first monotheist Amos, the lowly herdsman of Tekoa, in the wilderness of Judaea. I cannot now discuss the monotheism of Amenophis IV in Egypt, or traces of monotheism in Assyria, or how far Mr. Woolley's excavations in Ur relate to Abraham's birthplace, or the religion of Greece and Rome. The Græco-Roman religions passed indeed from a naïve belief in many gods to a kind of monotheism. It was not Judæan. They evolved the idea of a universal power, something general and static, but not the idea of a personal god, a god whose worship consisted in the spread of righteousness, whose teachers taught 'I desire mercy and not sacrifice' and 'What does the Lord ask of thee save to do justice and walk humbly with thy God'. This is the great, the unique achievement of Judaea, the intertwining of religion with personal morality and of personal morality with religion. The Hebrew idea of monotheism meant the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man.



Scene in a Synagogue. From a 15th century Hebrew Manuscript

British Museum

*Published by Nicolson and Watson, 6s.



The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.I. The articles in THE LISTENER being mainly reprints of broadcast talks, original contributions are not invited. Articles in THE LISTENER do not necessarily represent the views of the B.B.C.

Broadcasting as a Social Force

SOME remarkable statistics have been issued by the International Broadcasting Union*, with the object of showing the extent to which broadcasting has developed in the course of a dozen years from being little more than a scientific toy into not merely a new form of almost universal entertainment but, more important, into a public service which aims at the discharge of various urgent and important functions. It is calculated that at the end of 1931 the broadcasting stations of the world, which among them employ a permanent staff of from 25,000 to 30,000 persons, reached a potential audience of 138 million people—an audience which, in spite of the prevailing economic depression, continues to grow in all countries in which licence statistics exist.

The public services which these stations render to their millions of listeners fall into two groups: those which the broadcasting organisations undertake at their own expense and entirely upon their own initiative; and, secondly, those which they carry out on behalf of Government Departments. The former, which are the more numerous, include certain practical services which greatly increase the efficiency of business and the amenities of everyday life—for example, the transmission of time signals, weather forecasts (including, in maritime countries, gale warnings to shipping) and road information to motorists. On an average, it is reckoned, each station transmits over 63 hours of weather forecast information in the course of a year. Another group of services is concerned with education, both in its narrower and in its wider senses. On the average over 118 hours a year is given up by each station to transmissions to school-children, and 232½ hours to special educational programmes for adults. In addition to this, broadcasts of courses of physical culture and exercises (most popular in America) and of talks helpful to agriculture and industry, as well as talks giving vocational guidance to the young or helping the study of current social problems, all have an educational significance in the wider sense. Still more is this true of the many broadcasts which have as their object the creation of a wider outlook in respect to foreign peoples or foreign affairs (average 160 hours a year), either through foreign language lessons, talks on international affairs, or broadcasts intended to stimulate foreign travel. The third section of these public services undertaken at the

initiative of the broadcasting organisations covers charity, including financial aid for recognised charitable institutions, special help for districts visited by catastrophes, and the free provision of wireless receiving sets for hospitals, the blind and the disabled. Another service rendered to sufferers in most parts of the world is the broadcasting of messages to establish contact with missing persons or relatives of the sick.

In addition to these voluntary activities, the broadcasting organisations have an important group of functions to perform in conjunction with appropriate Departments of State, usually without charge to the latter. For example, wireless is now used in most parts of the civilised world to give information to the police which may help in the capture of criminals and the preservation of law and order. It is also largely used for the issue of bulletins of information which Government Departments wish to reach the general public in the speediest and most direct way. The maintenance of public health is one of the needs served by this dissemination of information, as in the case of the giving of advice for the protection of cattle or crops against bad weather and disease, or for the protection of the public against epidemics and unhealthy conditions. Closely allied to this is the use of broadcasting for warning people against natural dangers from tempests, floods, forest fires, and so forth, or for establishing instantaneous contact between Government and people in times of grave crisis of any sort. The State also finds it useful from time to time to use the wireless as an aid in the collection of statistics, such as income tax and census returns, as well as in the issue of useful statistical information to the public in regard to current market prices for food and other produce. In a small number of cases, particularly in Europe, use is being made of broadcast bulletins to remind listeners of various duties of citizenship, such as the preservation of the beauty of the countryside from desecration and damage. In addition to this long catalogue of general services, individual countries have found special ways of their own of using broadcasting as a public service. Examples of this are the broadcasting of 'Safety First' propaganda to natives working in the South African gold mines, and the broadcasting in Japan of information regarding employers' 'wants' in the matter of personnel.

Apart from all these direct services, the development of broadcasting has itself exercised an important secondary influence on industry and trade. Thus it is calculated by the International Broadcasting Union that over £20,000,000 capital has been invested in the world's transmitting stations, studios, and administrative offices; while the present value of the receiving apparatus possessed by the listeners of the world amounts to about ten times this sum. The actual sum spent every year upon broadcasting itself is reckoned at round about £40,000,000. Apart from the enormous capital invested in the radio industry (as to which no estimate of the world's total can be made) it is possible to make a guess at the value of the electricity consumed in the actual operation of broadcasting. This would amount to about £25,000,000 for the year 1932. Allowance has also to be made for the enormous sums paid to artists and musicians and lecturers, with royalties to authors and composers, also for the stimulus given to the gramophone industry and the magazine and book publishing trades. Such, in brief, are the results which a survey of the present achievements of broadcasting presents to us. When we consider that all this remarkable energy and immense influence has been generated and built up in little more than a decade of the world's long history, we cannot but be startled at the thought of the progress which may have to be recorded during the next twenty or thirty years. If in its infancy broadcasting has thus affected the life of the world, what will it not do when it grows up to manhood and its possibilities have been more completely explored?

*The Importance of Broadcasting: International Broadcasting Union, Geneva

Week by Week

THE passing of the five-million mark in British wireless licences was referred to by Lord Gainford in the course of his speech at the opening of the Radio Exhibition at Bishop Auckland last week. Of the revenue received from the five million ten-shilling licence fees, he estimated that over £1 million was contributed to public funds, so that broadcasting was not only a great public service but a source of profit to the State. 'There is no fear', said Lord Gainford, 'that the B.B.C. will be stabilised or stereotyped. It is not a Government Department. It is constantly on the move'. In illustration of this, Lord Gainford instanced the completion of the new high-power station for the North of England at Moorside Edge last year, and of the similar station for Scotland at Westerglen this year; the forthcoming opening of the Empire Broadcasting Service in December; the completion next year of the high-power station at Washford Cross in Somerset, to serve the West of England and Wales; and the building in 1934 of new high-power stations at Droitwich, in place of the present Daventry 5XX, and also in the North of Ireland. 'We hope by these stations', he added, 'to secure to 85 per cent. of the population an opportunity to hear during twelve hours of the day, more or less, alternative programmes, and we shall not be satisfied until nearly 100 per cent. of the population can be reached by a programme of one kind or another'.

A striking new experiment in religious broadcasting starts in the New Year. On the first and third Sundays of each month, during the time now occupied by the evening service, there will be broadcast on the National wavelength a series of talks on 'God and the World through Christian Eyes'. In making this important change in the present programme, the B.B.C. has had in mind the difficulty of obtaining any sort of sequence in the religious addresses by various preachers who have hitherto broadcast during this period. The usual religious service will continue to be transmitted on the London Regional wavelength, but in order that those who wish to hear the talks on 'God and the World through Christian Eyes' may not lack the opportunity of devotional thought, each talk, which will take place between 8 and 8.30 p.m., will be followed by a quarter of an hour of familiar music and prayers. The Archbishop of Canterbury, who is to introduce the series on January 1, has drawn the attention of the diocesan Bishops to the talks, and a leaflet has been prepared by the B.B.C. for distribution to clergymen, with the object of assisting them to give information to their parishioners and congregations. In addition, a special pamphlet will be published at the beginning of each month, at the price of 3d., giving details and synopses of the lectures, and suggestions for further reading. In all, twenty-five addresses will be given, and these are divided into four courses. The first deals with the transcendent qualities of God; the second with Jesus Christ, especially as the Revealer of God to man; the third with the progressive revelation of God by Christ and the placing of Him in His universe in relation to mankind; the fourth with the relation of the Christian to God and to his fellows. The list of speakers includes the Archbishop of York, the Dean of Exeter, Miss Maude Royden, the Reverend Father d'Arcy, Mr. Christopher Dawson, Sir Evelyn Wrench, and the Reverend Father Martindale.

The request made by Sir Barry Jackson to the British Drama League at its recent Annual Conference, to support the production of a series of dialect gramophone records, should be welcomed by many others besides those interested in the drama. It would certainly be valuable for producers of dialect plays to have for reference specimens of the principal English dialects; but the number and variety of dialects which are used on the stage is not very great, and the work of recording requires undertaking on a larger scale for linguistic and sociological purposes. The British Drama League will also surely find itself up against a difficulty of selection. When we consider that within a single area such as South Yorkshire the number of dialect variations is almost equal to the number of mining centres, we realise that the dialect expert has an invidious task before him in choosing what is worth handing down to posterity. Yet not all dialects are beautiful, and if the progress of standard English does away with some of those

which are best known in our big industrial towns, the world would not be the poorer. The dialects most likely to be in use on the stage are those which are pleasant-sounding, or which smack of quaintness or drollery. But to the phonetician, like the antiquarian, all dialects are of interest, and therefore what we need is a 'corpus' of dialect records similar in scope to the collections of folksongs made by Cecil Sharpe and others.

That 'the film, through its power of creating experience, offers a mode of learning almost equivalent to first-hand experience' is one of the conclusions drawn from the experiment with educational films which the Newton Abbot W.E.A. Film Society has recently conducted in the county of Devon. The Report of this experiment, now published by the W.E.A. under the title of *The New Learning* (price 1s.), is important as a record of the first systematic attempt to use the film for adult education in this country. With the aid of portable apparatus, twelve villages in North Devon were shown a series of programmes of films chosen for their educational value and centring round the theme of 'Man and his Environment'. The experiment lasted six weeks, during half of which time silent films were used and during the other half sound films. The audience attracted consisted 'chiefly of those who would normally have come to a village W.E.A. meeting', a small charge being made for admission. The audiences took part in discussion after the films had been shown, and also (to the large proportion of 62 per cent.) returned answers to questionnaires designed to test how far the facts conveyed by the films were retained in the memory. The results showed that information can be conveyed by films accurately, rapidly, and in many cases almost unconsciously. According to *The New Learning*, 'The complexity of modern conditions, the broadening of our experience so that it becomes more specialised every year, the range of the subjects included in the curriculum, and the widening of our interests through modern invention, have tended to make education more abstract than concrete, a matter of verbal summary rather than of experience. The film seems to obviate this in no small measure'. In conclusion, the Report suggests that, while the film may implement the work of the teacher, that will be but a minor aspect of its application as education. 'The proper use of the film is likely to produce a revolution in our concepts of education'. Experiments are required in the creation of a new type of film, which is not merely intended to be an adjunct to the schoolroom or the tutorial class, but arises from the needs of 'that vast multitude of men, women and children who are only approached in part by means of our educational methods'.

The old lady who, when her husband suggested a book as a suitable present for their granddaughter, replied 'My dear, she has got a book', does not, after all, represent the majority of well-meaning relations who have to provide presents for their grandchildren or nieces and nephews. The usual (very sound) idea is that, however many other presents may be duplicated, there is always room for another book, but the great question is, 'What book?' To solve this vexed problem (for grown ups as well as children) the Associated Booksellers of Great Britain and Ireland have evolved a scheme, under the management of the National Book Council, whereby we may all be sure of receiving what books we really want and of giving book presents that will certainly be welcome. From bookshops (including railway bookstalls) which are members of the Associated Booksellers of Great Britain and Ireland, it will now be possible for those wishing to give a book present to buy a 'book token' which costs threepence. There is space on the token for the insertion of suitable greetings, and one page is detachable and can be used as a book-plate. Stamps may be attached to the value of the present it is proposed to give; and with this attractively produced card, the recipient may go to his own local bookshop (provided that it also is a member of the Associated Booksellers) and choose a book for himself—thereby saving trouble on the part of the sender and disappointment on his own part. Uncles, aunts and all those who feel that a book would make an appropriate present and who are only too anxious that the gift should also be acceptable, will no doubt make full use of this very intelligent scheme.

The World and Ourselves

Germany: An Impression from Within

By VERNON BARTLETT

EVERY German to whom I have complained during the last ten days that it is difficult to sum up the situation in his country has given me the same reply. 'Of course it is', he agrees, 'for we don't know ourselves'. There are fortunately, a few certainties in this confused situation. One is that Herr Hitler, or the Hitler movement, is losing support, although not so much perhaps as many of the elections forecasts would lead one to expect. In any case it would be unwise to attribute the same loss of power to the two forces that the Hitler movement contains, the one being a strong feeling of nationalism which, very naturally, misses no opportunity of emphasising those clauses of the Versailles Treaty placing Germany in a position of inferiority, and the other a vague sort of socialism based on the feeling that the old men and the old methods which allowed Germany to drift into war should be replaced by young men who fought the War and by the new ideas they have worked out as a result of it. Those two forces still remain, even though they may support Herr Hitler less strongly than they did.

The second certainty is that there is no longer any immediate danger of civil war, as there was in May and June of this year. The determination of the Nazis to seize power and the determination of the Socialist Government in Prussia to uphold the Constitution at all costs, could so easily have ended in serious fighting in which the loyalty of the Reichwehr might have broken down; but when it came to the point neither party dared take the law into its own hands, and now the chance to do so had gone by. At the time, the permission to wear their uniforms again, given by the Papen Government to the unofficial armies in Germany, seemed to make civil war much more probable. Now, looking back, one can admit that it was a very clever move. It certainly led to a good deal of bloodshed during the last election campaign, but it probably made the ordinary middle-class man with a job of work to do feel that these parades in different uniforms were a little ridiculous; and certainly it lessened the sympathy of the Reichstag for the Nazis or for any other unofficial army, because it is only natural that regular soldiers should grow annoyed with pseudo soldiers swaggering about in irregular uniforms.

The third certainty is, that very much still depends on the old man of eighty-five who, after leading Germany throughout the War, has led her during the last seven years of peace. The back rooms of the Nazi headquarters look straight on to the private park where President von Hindenburg walks on fine days, and one can imagine Herr Hitler watching him from the window and envying him his great popularity.

The fourth certainty about the present situation, I think, is that there must be many more thousands of people throughout the country who welcome the present Government than appear from the election results. First, there are those who feel that if they had not Herr von Papen they would have Herr Hitler. Then the people who still own something, or have situations to keep, believe that here they have the safest Government that Germany can produce for the moment. Others, again, feel that the present Chancellor has the full confidence of President Hindenburg, in whom they trust implicitly. Others have great hopes that his economic programme, with its emphasis on individual enterprises, will bring back prosperity. Lastly, there are certain elderly people who expect the Government to restore conditions as near as possible to those they knew and enjoyed before the War. How far the Government will be able to fulfil all these hopes only the future can show, but there seems good reason to expect that it will be in office for some time to come. Here is part of an address which Herr von Papen, the German Chancellor, recently broadcast to the United States:

It is thought that this Government might favour the establishment of a dictatorship in Germany. Neither myself nor my colleagues in the Government will lend their support to such a move. Germany is now in the midst of a revolution. At the time that President von Hindenburg was first nominated as Presidential candidate an American newspaper wrote, 'Hindenburg symbolises the refusal of the German people to occupy permanently an inferior position in Europe'.

Now for impressions. In the first place, I think we ought to remember whenever anything happens in Germany that the most important factor of all is the world economic crisis. If there were not 5,000,000 unemployed, haunted by the feeling that there is no place for them in the world, there would be very little in the way of a Hitler movement in Germany, and there would be less interest in getting rid of the clauses of the Versailles Treaty which put Germany on a different footing from other nations. As things are, many Germans who loathe the idea of another war, and who realise that an attempt to alter even the Polish corridor by force would push the world back into the chaos from which it will be so lucky if it escapes, and many who sincerely want to co-operate with other

nations, attach a lot of importance to changing these armament clauses of the Peace Treaty. Because only if they have the right to build up some sort of militia or territorial force will the attraction of these dangerous and unofficial armies organised by rival political parties disappear. My own belief is that the Germans want something covering a much larger section of the population than those organisations, but if they do we ought in justice to them to remember the difference in outlook that there must be between a country which has never known conscription, except for a short period during the War, and one which has never known anything else until conscription was forbidden her by her ex-enemies after the War. The recent decree to organise young people in what are rather vaguely termed 'military sports', for example, is looked upon by many people as a deliberate step towards a war of revenge against France. M. Herriot, for one, takes it very seriously indeed. And yet I am convinced that M. Herriot sincerely and passionately wants a decent understanding with Germany. Herr von Papen was good enough to receive me a few days ago and from the way he talked I should imagine he is just as anxious to reach a decent understanding with France, and the latest French proposal to replace professional armies by militias ought to help them towards an agreement.

If I was surprised in France to find everybody thinking about peace, I am surprised in Germany to find so few people thinking about war. There is a very well organised Labour movement, which, if it has lacked leaders, would not, I think, lack courage to resist the development of the war spirit; and there is this younger generation, which wants Germany to lead the world, but which believes war to be the last method whereby she might be able to do so. The Labour movement is, of course, weakened by the enormous number of unemployed, which reduces the value of the general strike as a political weapon, though they still can organise a strike, as we are learning to our cost. But the Labour movement apart, I personally find it very difficult to believe that people so intellectually alive as the young people you meet in the groups and political clubs that are growing up all over Germany are going to be induced to put most of their energy into drilling on the barrack square. My own most vivid recollection of this visit to Berlin will be one from the slum areas away down east to the Alexanderplatz. There were two of the most hungry-looking devils I have ever seen, so alike in their sallow-faced misery that they might have been twins, standing side by side in the gutter, collecting money for the election campaign, the one for the Nazis and the other for their most bitter enemies, the Communists. A people that was more starved than forced into submission during the War, that was bewildered by revolution, that lost every penny of its savings during the period of inflation, and that now has to face an unemployment problem far greater even than our own, cannot be entirely normal; and the Germans of to-day are not entirely normal. For the moment a current of opinion not unlike the aggressive militarism which helped to bring them to all this is flowing over them, but I do not believe it is very serious as yet, despite the number of gestures made by the Government, one effect of which must be to increase French distrust and alarm. The latest of these is the announcement of the Minister of the Interior that the proposed reform of the Constitution will give plural votes to the men who fought in the last War and to the fathers of families. That may be a reasonable proposal, designed to give more power to the middle-aged men with family responsibilities, but I can see the effect of these decisions on my Frenchman whom I met in the train three weeks ago. He would try to fight his suspicion, but extra votes for soldiers would seem to him an unnecessary glorification of the last War, and extra votes for fathers in a country whose large population already so alarms the Frenchman would strike him as an encouragement to produce more men to invade French soil.

But if I am convinced that the signs of militarism in Germany to-day are less dangerous than most Frenchmen and many Englishmen believe, I have here in Germany the same feeling of urgency as I had in France. Here an exaggerated inferiority complex, there an exaggerated fear, might so easily turn both nations towards war. I sincerely believe the issue of ultimate war or peace will depend very greatly on the degree of wisdom and courage shown during the next six months or so by the British and the Americans in accepting their share of responsibility for the present misunderstanding and in realising that the economic crisis cannot be solved by the attempt of every country to save itself alone. Three nations—Great Britain, France, and the United States—controlled the drafting of the Versailles Treaty. The mistakes that treaty contained (and all treaties contain mistakes), the economic difficulties it has made so much more acute, will not automatically disappear if two of those three nations turn their backs and leave it to the French and Germans to argue it out alone. Sooner or later they might decide to fight it out.

Our Neighbours—VI

Bismarck, and the Making of the German Nation

By HARRISON BROWN

THE most important fact about the Germans is that, of all the leading peoples of Europe, with the exception of the Italians, they were the last to reach nationhood. The significance of that is perhaps not easy for us to realise. We English are, of course, a mixed race, and have the blood of several continental stocks in our veins. But all this is a long time back; we have been living alone on our island since the last invasion nearly a thousand years ago. The Germans, on the other hand, live at the cross roads of Europe. As nations go they are probably less mixed in race than most others. But the course of history has brought them into contact, and often into conflict, with all their neighbours. Scarcely a hundred years ago some of the ports of North Germany, on the Baltic Sea, were held by Sweden. After the last War all the land frontiers of Germany were changed—Alsace and Lorraine going back to France was the biggest alteration, and East Prussia was separated from the Fatherland by what is known as the Polish Corridor. All but quite young Germans can remember when there were 850 miles of Russo-German frontier; to-day there is none, for the recreated Polish and Baltic States come between Germany and Russia.

And this kind of thing has happened throughout German history. At the beginning of the seventeenth century Germany became torn asunder by the Thirty Years War—the great religious struggle which left North Germany Protestant and South Germany Catholic, and both ruined. Ten million people disappeared in that war, and after it the country was politically just a jumble of tiny principalities, some so small that the Count or Lord or whatever he happened to be, knew all his subjects personally. There were more than two thousand of these territories, many of them with their own weights and measures and coinage. In the general insecurity of the time these little village kingdoms were forced to think about their own small district and whether or not it was in danger from their next door neighbour. At a time when people in France, from Brittany to the Pyrenees, were all calling themselves French, the Germans were still thinking of themselves as the inhabitants of such and such a village. It was a patriarchal society, in which the petty duke looked on his subjects rather as a large family, even though he rarely treated them as such. But it was also a society in which men of the same race and district were often at war with each other. Is it just a coincidence that the same happens so frequently in Germany to-day; does it mean that as a race they are different? Or may not history have played a role?

From this hotch-potch of tiny States, the first outstanding figure to emerge was Frederick William of Brandenburg, known as the Great Elector. He received his authority from the Kaiser in Vienna, but by his able stewardship he brought North Germany out of poverty and anarchy and laid the foundations for the future Prussian State. Till then Sweden had been the great northern Power. Soon after the dawn of the eighteenth century Sweden declined and Prussia rose, and for a long time the rivalry which divided nations was largely to be that between two families, the Hapsburgs and the Hohenzollerns. After him came Frederick William I, to whom Prussia owes much of her good start. For an autocrat of the eighteenth century, the great thing was to leave your country bigger and stronger than you found it, and this Frederick William I did. Government became efficient, revenues doubled, elementary education was made compulsory. And although the King loved playing soldiers better than anything else in the world, and even had a pet regiment of giants, still there were twenty-five years of peace during his reign.

But the whole country was under almost fantastically strict

discipline, and a generation or two grew up which was drilled and organised and terribly efficient. And the King completed his work by leaving a son who was to be an even greater figure in history, and whose character is so interesting that I advise those who can to read one of the biographies written about him. Frederick the Great was twenty-eight years old when he became King. By the time he was thirty-three he had won two wars. But the significance of the first war was that in attacking Silesia he rebelled against the Kaiser in Vienna, at that time his cousin Maria Theresa. He found Prussia nominally a vassal State in the Holy Roman Empire, he left it in point of fact an independent Power and a permanent force in Europe.

This was a great achievement and it had been made possible by the potato. If you go to the pretty little town of Offenburg in Baden you will find a statue to Sir Francis Drake, who is said to have introduced the potato into Europe. I know it is not orthodox to say that a vegetable can be the foundation of a great State,

but in this case it is not just fanciful. To-day Prussia is by far the largest State in the German Federation, and stretches from the Polish border to the Rhine. But in Frederick's time it was not so big, and a very large part of it was little more than sandy waste. This sandy soil was quite unable to support a large population because none of the staple necessities could be grown in it. But the food value of the potato is so great that all this was changed. It was a mathematical progression. The potato flourished in the sand; men thrived and multiplied upon the potato, from the men Frederick made

armies and with the armies he won victories. And thus Prussia became established.

Within a few years of her arrival on the political map as a separate kingdom, Prussia had fought against Austria, France, Russia, Sweden and Saxony. One cannot, of course, go into the details of all these wars, but they were the kind of wars which required the militarisation of the small nation. These two reigns, then, of Frederick the Great and his father, are the background of the Prussian military tradition, and of that love of discipline and organisation which often seems so strange to foreigners, but which is certainly deeply engrained. There is a story that during the revolution in 1918, when the Berlin crowd was surging towards the Kaiser's Palace and anything might have been expected to happen, somebody looking out of a window was amazed to see that the crowd instinctively kept from walking on the grass plots! Discipline again! The more one learns about the revolution of 1918, the more one feels the story must be true.

But to go back. The life work of these two early Hohenzollerns is simply astounding. They just took ordinary peasants and moulded them so well that the people who came under their influence have been different ever since. Prussia is not all Germany, but it is Prussia which has dominated German history as we know it to-day, and yet Prussia is an artificial creation, a composition of Teuton and Slav. The name itself comes from the Slav tribe 'Borussi', and really belongs only to a small territory in the east which even in those days was but a tiny part of the realm. There is no Prussian language nor costume; many dialects are found in its borders and its frontiers themselves have changed constantly. But the qualities associated with the name have survived all the changes, a living proof that it is possible by education and discipline to change human nature permanently. Almost all history books concentrate far too much on battles, as if the only thing men had learnt concerned improved methods of killing one another. Historians of Prussia are particularly apt to do so, because after all it was the phenomenal



Berlin in the time of Frederick the Great

From 'The Universal History of the World' (Amalgamated Press)

military development of the small State which forced other nations to pay attention to it. But it would be quite wrong to think of these two early Hohenzollerns as military fanatics. They were ambitious, competent and extremely energetic. They increased their territory by methods which were customary in their day, and since their country had few natural resources helpful to these methods, lack of numbers had to be made up for by quality. If Prussia became a barracks, it was so chiefly in the sense that military methods and organisation prevailed in all departments of life. Frederick the Great rose at five every morning and worked every day of the year as few people anywhere work to-day, but always according to programme. His energy was infectious; it became the right thing to work hard and discipline strictly your own life and that of your family.

Down in the south there was none of this regimentation. The people, like the country, were quite different and became more so. Instead of the somewhat bleak wind-and-rain-swept plains of northern Germany, they had the mountains of Bavaria and the sunny vineyards of Baden and the Rhine. Instead of an austere Protestantism, there was an easy-going Catholicism, and instead of military discipline and bustle, there was long and jovial discussion under the trees, or before the fire, with a glass of something particularly good just to keep the argument from flagging. To this day the Bavarians have for the Prussians all that puffing indignation which a comfortably stout person feels for a fussy busy one who will not leave him alone. There was a picture in a German paper some time back of two Bavarians sitting in a Munich beer garden. One said to the other: 'Did you see that the English are going to build a tunnel under the Channel to France?' 'No', answered the other, 'and I don't care, so long as the Prussians don't build a tunnel from Berlin to Munich'.

Just on account of this feverish activity, the history of modern Germany is the history of Prussia with the other States towed along behind. Frederick the Great improved elementary education, abolished legal torture, was tolerant in religious matters, began the codification of common law, and gave great attention to economic development, especially in agriculture. But Frederick did more than found the military tradition of Prussia; he became also, though unconsciously, the founder of the religion of the State. He looked upon himself, in his own words, as the first servant of the State, and it was this, together with his genius for organisation, which enabled Prussia to develop a

This was the effect of the nationalisation of the church which, from Germany's point of view, was the chief result of the Reformation. The German people to-day are miserable and unhappy. In their effort to find a way out of their troubles they look back to a time of order, to a time when there was no corruption, when everybody had his own task to do and did it without having to think about other people's jobs, or about

politics. They look back to a time when all life was organised into a tidy pyramid whose last stone was not even the King, but the State. Then comes the comparison between those good old times and the present; and there follows the inevitable desire to eliminate not merely the vices which are the opposite of the virtues of the chosen time, but also much that has grown up since, and which is indispensable to modern existence. Of course, such a movement is even more valuable to a minority Government to-day than it was to an autocratic king two hundred years ago. In those days people really believed in the divine right of kings, and a monarch had to be very bad indeed before he could be dethroned. But to-day people are cynical both about kings and governments, and therefore it is even more to the advantage of governments to induce their subjects not to look straight at them, but over their heads. That is why there is always an epidemic of 'national' governments in times of economic difficulties, and why the German Government holds up internationalism as the great bogey. It helps us to understand also why the German people should be so eager to give up trying to rule themselves, why they should be so anti-democratic. That lean old man, Frederick the Great, with his sparkling grey eyes, his moodiness, his flute and his greyhounds and snuff-stained old uniform, was a wonderful character. But he cannot be transplanted in time to the twentieth century, any more than his influence could be transplanted in space to Bavaria whilst he lived. The great snag about his system was that it was a one-man show. He left no opening by which the German people could learn to rule themselves; 'theirs but to do or die'. With their tremendous qualities the Prussians are probably more capable of learning to rule themselves than most peoples, and undoubtedly they will do so when the present spasm is over. The clock has been put back many times in history; the trouble is that the hands of the historical clock are fixed on a strong spring, and if you force them back too far they nearly always end by leaping violently forward again. It is almost as dangerous to have too much organisation as it is to have too little. The organising mind is rarely combined with an understanding of men, and the criticism we hear about the poor psychology of German diplomacy is not always unjustified.

This is not a history lesson. If it were I should not be giving it. I am just trying, as it were, to pick out the high spots of the German story which are most likely to help us to understand the actions and attitudes of our neighbour to-day. Roughly, if we take a bird's-eye view of German history, we see a sort of switchback, a series of rises and falls. Starting from the pit of despair in which the country lay after the Thirty Years' War, we see a steady rise up to the time of Frederick the Great. Then comes a decline, until in 1806 Napoleon smashed Prussia at the Battle of Jena and the French occupied the country. This is the period which the propaganda films of Herr Hugenberg use to-day as a parallel to the present time. The military disasters of 1806 produced a wave of nationalism, just as those of 1918 are now doing. This wave rose until, after Napoleon's retreat from Moscow, it was strong enough to produce the war of liberation which drove the French across the Rhine. That period ended in 1815 with the Congress of Vienna, which considerably increased the territory of Prussia. But Germany as a whole was still kept disunited. Under what was known as the *Bund* it sank into a loose confederation of States in which Austria and Prussia played for leadership. Then came the beginning of another rise, with the *Zollverein* or Customs Union of 1834. By this measure Prussia became much more definitely the centre of gravity for the States which we now know as Germany, and the fact that



Bismarck



Frederick William I, the Great Elector

Rischgitz

small, but efficient and incorruptible, civil service, whose chief reward for its servants was the honour of belonging to it. There is a Frederick the Great cult in Germany to-day. Abroad it is often looked upon as another indication of the so-called 'revival of German militarism'. But this is not necessarily so, although the revival is part of the new nationalism.

A Government which lacks popular support in the country is forced to rally public opinion behind something other than itself, and that something is generally the nation and nationalism. But the force of the cult for the masses lies also in the ideal of service to the State; the State being the God which keeps men good and saves them from their weaknesses.

railways were rapidly developing trade helped very largely to increase the importance of Berlin over Vienna. Politically, things began to change, too. The inclusion in Prussia of the Rhineland provinces, which had earlier come under the influence of the French Revolution, began to make the population protest against autocracy. In 1848 a Parliament was proclaimed at Frankfort-on-Main which began to deliberate about a Constitution. Unfortunately the discussions were too prolonged, and although the best brains in the country were gathered there, they lacked the political experience which should have told them that time was against them. When they did at last produce a Constitution and asked Frederick William IV of Prussia to be the Constitutional Emperor of a united Germany, he bluntly refused. There, again, we see the legacy of the past; the king thought of his ancestors and their autocratic tradition and refused 'to pick up a crown out of the gutter', as he put it. And so the first great opportunity was missed of forming a united kingdom under a Constitutional monarch and of shaking off the dead hand of Austria.

The King's refusal to become Emperor had several important effects, of which I shall speak later, but, above all, it struck a blow at German democracy from which it never recovered. There was a man in Frankfort in those days of whom Europe had never heard, but who was soon to become known to the whole world. His name was Bismarck, and it was he who carried Germany to the highest point of her history. Bismarck became Chancellor under William I in 1862, and for nearly thirty years he entirely controlled German policy and life. He is one of the great names whose ability and character are not exaggerated by the history books. A month or two ago I was bathing at the mouth of the Kiel Canal, and it is most striking to see the procession of ships of all nations which use the Canal, even in these days of trade crisis. It saves boats travelling between the North Sea and the Baltic from going all round the long dangerous coast of Denmark. It was Bismarck's war with Denmark which made the Canal possible and laid the foundations of German sea-power. That war was almost Bismarck's first act. His second was to settle 'the German question' once and for all, by 'blood and iron', as he put it. This he did by fighting Austria and making her agree to a new organisation of Germany without Austria's participation.

This, however, did not solve the problem of a united Germany, even though it revived all the enthusiasm for unity which had inspired the Frankfort Parliament. It began to look to Bismarck as if a war against a common foe would prove the best cement. Napoleon III obliged just at the right moment, first by demanding the left bank of the Rhine, and then by declaring war on Germany over the question of a German successor to the crown of Spain. Bismarck made the most of the French demands in order to play on the fears of the Southern States and thus induce them to join him in the war against France. This war of 1870 at last healed the breach between the South and the North and united Germany as a Federal State under the leadership of Prussia. Henceforth Berlin ruled. But the war also left an external abscess. Germany took Alsace and part of Lorraine, and they not only proved troublesome to her for years, but became part excuse for the last European war.

Put like this, it seems as if there could be no doubt that Bismarck united Germany. And yet there is a doubt, for even to-day the German States are not wholly united. Of course, to a stranger wandering about the country there is no more difference between Prussia and Bavaria than there is between Wales and England. But the political differences are real enough for the newspapers to have carried rumours, only a few months ago, of a possible separation between them. It was only talk, certainly, and I am sure it will not happen, but it shows that conditions are not really quite the same as they are between Wales and England. Perhaps the truth is that the combination of Bismarck and William I made autocracy work long after it was due to collapse.

Bismarck's rule, therefore, had the same fault as that of Frederick the Great, it was a one-man show. The Germany he created needed either a Chancellor like himself or an Emperor like William I or preferably both; under weak Chancellors and a worse than weak Kaiser, it went to pieces. I shall speak of Bismarck again in other talks, but I want just to call attention here to the range of power and the consummate skill shown by this statesman. Bismarck fought everybody in politics at some time or other. He believed in the Prussian Army dominating the Confederation, but at the same time he realised, dimly perhaps, that the world was changing and that the strength of nations would in the future depend to a greater degree on their industrial prosperity. And so he made a little hole in the conventional wall of German political life and society for the growing industrial middle classes. But all his life he had more opposition than he expected. At some time or other he fought everybody in German politics. It was not so much the growing demands of the masses, although the spread of industrialism made that, too, a factor. But Bismarck's attitude to the workers was that of the *Funk*er class from which he came—that is to say, it was paternal. They should be justly treated, but kept very much in their place. The idea of their sharing in the government of the

country was not to be tolerated. Thus with one hand he persecuted the growing political consciousness of the working classes by means of his anti-socialist laws, and with the other he inaugurated social insurance. But he had to juggle with several oppositions, not merely one or two. In fact, Bismarck may be said to have ruled against the country; the southern noblemen, the priests and the working classes were all equally opposed, both to the militarist autocracy of Prussia and to the rising industrial middle classes. Strong men have often ruled against the majority of their subjects, but their work has usually not long outlived them. So it was with Bismarck. Wilhelm II dismissed him soon after he came to the throne, and from retirement the old statesman had to watch a policy developing which he must have known would ruin his life's work. After 1870 Bismarck had followed a strict peace policy. He came eventually to support colonial expansion, but all Germany's colonies were acquired without friction, and more honestly than has been the case with other empires. Bismarck was an adept in the diplomacy of his day, which consisted in playing off one country against another. The young Kaiser, however, was as bombastic and clumsy as Bismarck had been courteous and skilful. At home he continued to refuse Parliamentary reform, so that the antagonism of the unrepresented masses was transferred from the Government to the Crown. Abroad his sabre-rattling got on the nerves of all the neighbouring governments. I do not, of course, for one moment, mean to infer that 'the Kaiser made the war', to use the fantastically silly phrase of ten years ago. That was just war propaganda, and war propaganda is always false. Even M. Poincaré has admitted at last that Germany did not purposely prepare for attack in 1914. All the Governments were preparing for war, however, and so eventually all the peoples got it. But I think the important thing to remember is the sudden growth of Germany under the drive of the energetic Prussians. In my opinion this is an important psychological factor to be considered in regard to the German attitude on armaments. Germany was the last great nation to reach nationhood, to have an imperial policy and an imperial army and navy. She acquired colonies enough to be a source of national pride. Then all these things were snatched away, and the offence to her pride was far greater than would have been the gradual disintegration of her empire. In other words, Germany wants what she sees the others have got. If you deprive one child in a nursery of toys which the others are allowed to play with, the one without will shout his head off till he, too, gets some toys. Since the toys in this case are very costly lethal weapons, there seems little doubt that the safest way would be to take the toys away from all the children, so that Germany would have no excuse for crying.

Listeners who have been following Professor Ashmole's talks on 'Art in Ancient Life' will by now have realised, both from the Supplement which we published in our issue of October 12 and from the illustrations we have been reproducing to accompany the text of the talks, that Professor Ashmole is drawing very widely upon a rich store of artistic subjects which have hitherto not been made easily accessible to the general public. Only a small selection of objects illustrating classical art can be reproduced in these columns; but we may remind listeners that the Cambridge University Press has just republished, to coincide with this wireless course, the chapters on Greek Art which were contributed to the *Cambridge Ancient History* by Professor J. D. Beazley and Professor Ashmole. Not only is this material collected together into a single handy volume under the title *Greek Sculpture and Painting to the End of the Hellenistic Period* (Cambridge Press, 10s. 6d.), but 248 illustrations of objects specifically referred to in the text have been reproduced in a section at the end of the book. By means of a system of marginal references every picture can be referred to its proper place in the text, so that the student can form his own judgments as he goes along. Not less remarkable is the nature of the pictures themselves. Practically nothing hackneyed is reproduced, but strong drafts are made upon the wealth of lesser known vase-paintings, reliefs, wall-paintings, coins, and so forth. The student of art who gets hold of this book is therefore assured of a rich feast for the eye, as well as unusually sympathetic and lucid guidance to the interpretation of the æsthetic of the ancient world.

TEN YEARS OF BROADCASTING

will be surveyed in

NEXT WEEK'S LISTENER

in articles by

Sir Oliver Lodge, Lord Ponsonby, St. John

Ervine and Arthur Bliss

Notes on Art

The Art of Paul Nash

By ANTHONY BERTRAM

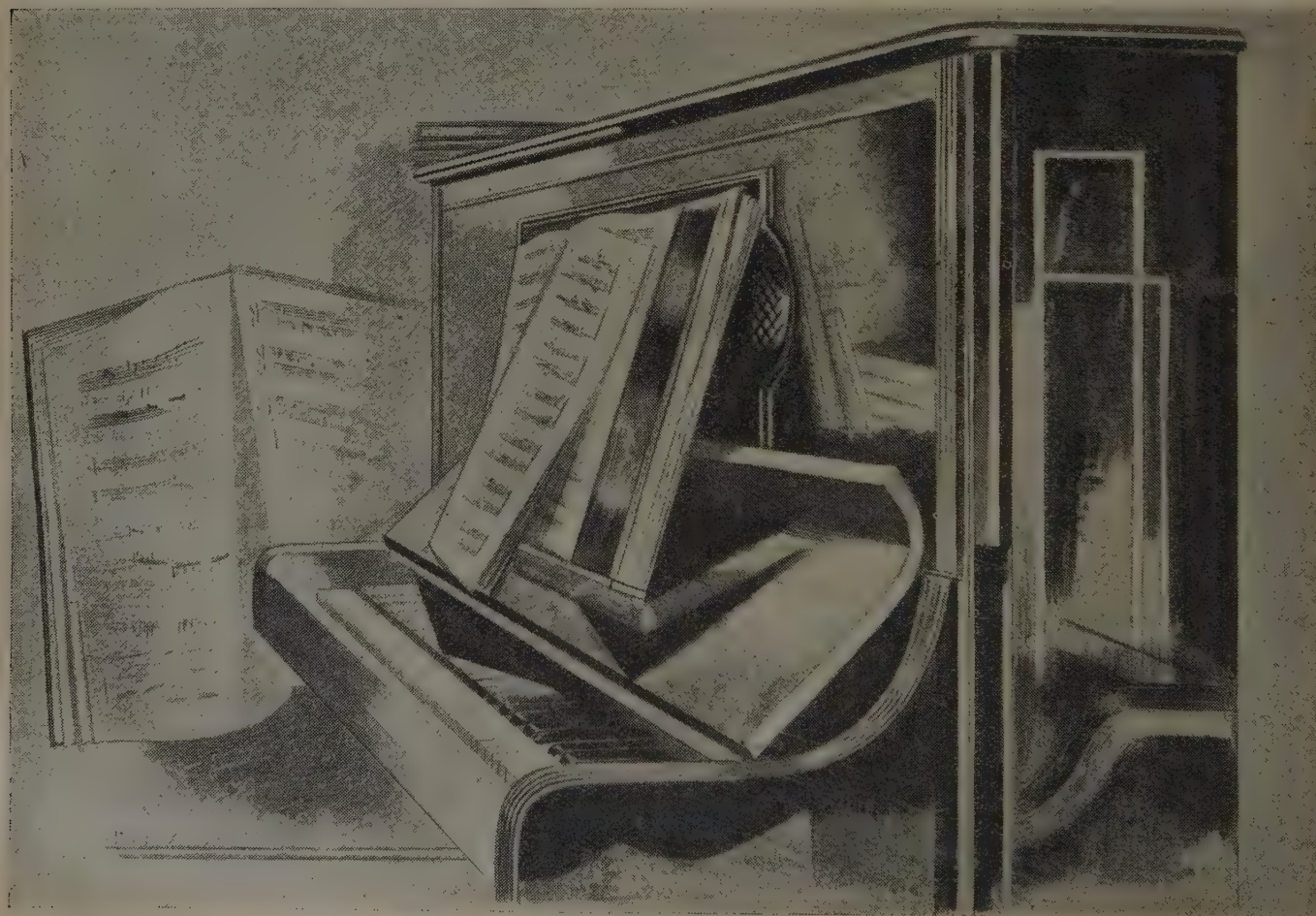
ABOUT sixteen years ago, a young officer in the Hampshire fell into a shell-hole with such violence that he was removed to hospital. While he was there he made drawings which were exhibited at the Goupil Galleries and which led to his returning to the front as an official war artist. By that somewhat ridiculous accident England was saved the possible waste of Paul Nash. It was one of those little gestures of fate which might make one believe in a beneficent providence if they happened more consistently. Since that date, few English artists of my generation have been considered as so 'established', and yet even fewer as so safe from the mummifying processes of success, as Nash. He has remained a perpetual student. There is an exhibition of his recent water-colours at the Leicester Galleries and we know what to expect there—his familiar mastery, still growing in confidence, and his familiar pupillage, still growing in curiosity.

It seems as logical to use the occasion for a brief commentary on all his work as it will be on the centenary of his birthday or any other of those arbitrary occasions which are customarily chosen for taking stock. Nash was first attracted to architecture, and I wrote in 1923, 'it is amusing to speculate how he would have expressed himself in the right angles and straight lines of building. The body of his work shows a dominating interest in the arrangement of curved lines, and in a swaying rhythm that seems quite inapplicable to architectural design'. The most casual observation of his recent work would show how little reason, in 1932, I should have for such a statement; for, while he can still command, when his subject requires it, 'a swaying rhythm', a dynamic dance-movement of lines, he has shown himself increasingly interested in static 'architectural' constructions like 'Northern Adventure', 'Mansions of the Dead', or 'Ship Interior' (the two latter are in the present exhibition, Nos. 40 and 15).

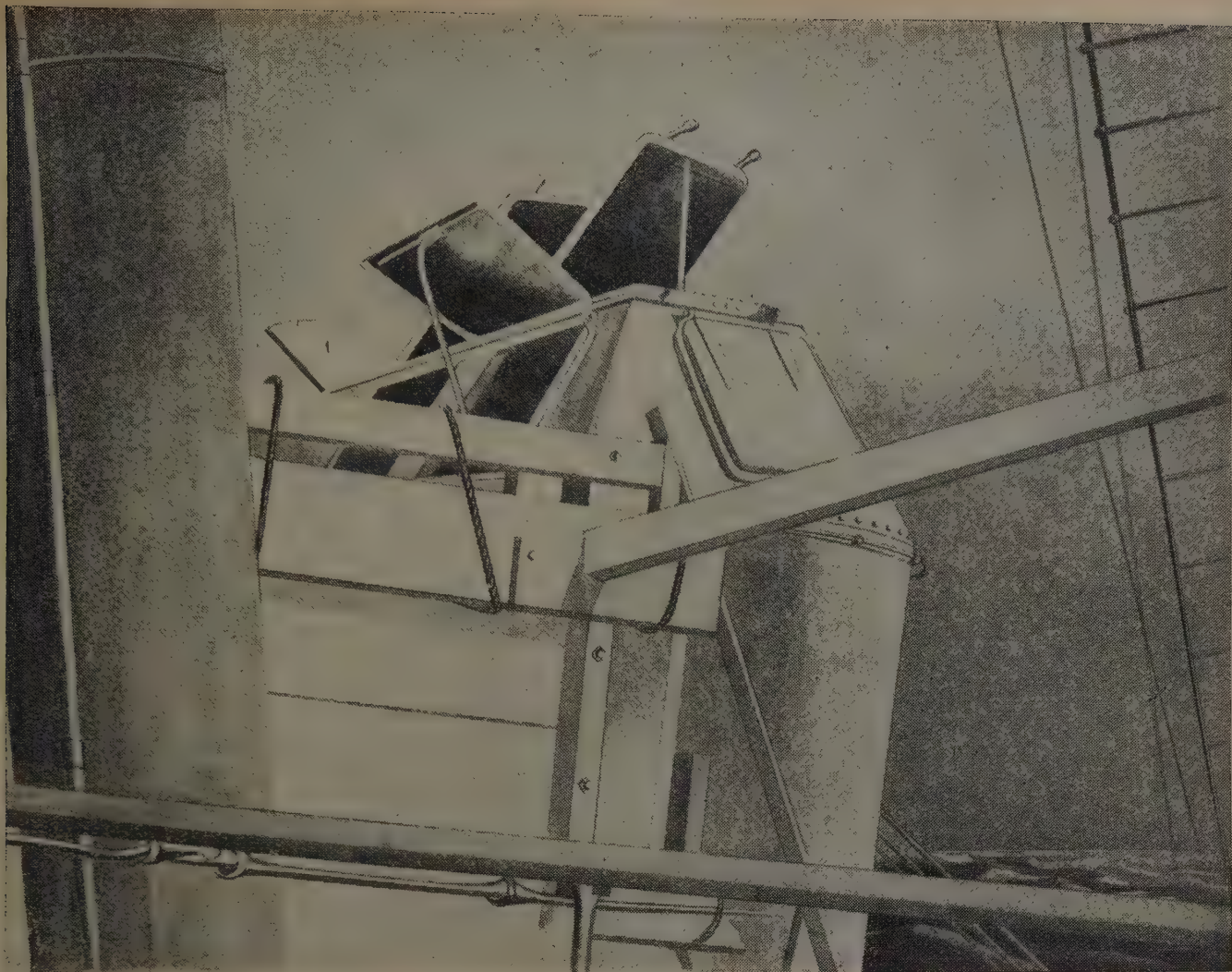
Another point which seems connected with his early architectural interests is his turning away from landscape towards subjects which have already a certain geometrical character—

'Skeleton', No. 38, for example—and even towards abstractions. It was fashionable about seven years ago to talk of abstract art as a valuable phase through which we had passed. Certain critics wrote its kindly epitaph. One of the most significant developments since then is the outbreak of abstract experiment among English artists who might have been considered as already fixed in their attitude on this matter. The recent abstract works of such men as Nash, Wadsworth, John Armstrong and J. W. Power cannot be dismissed as the 'extremist' antics of over-ardent youth. Each of these painters has begun his experiments too late to be accused of having blindly followed the trumpets of Picasso, and has approached it too deliberately and at too late a stage in his development to be accused, in the old tiresome way, of 'trying to shock'. It would be interesting and valuable to make a comparative study of these painters, and it would be found, I think, that they have this in common—a persistent treating of design as the chief motive in their compositions and not as the hidden harmony which links apparently natural appearances into artistic order. But my business here is with Nash, and I must illustrate my meaning from his work alone.

I will not omit even his almost forgotten pen-and-ink illustrations under the influence of Rossetti and Blake. Although in them design was certainly not self-supporting—he even wrote poems under them sometimes—it can be emphasised that they were not inspired by naturalist cravings, but by an immature creative impulse. Even in them Nash was trying to make a world, though it was not yet a purely visual one. He was very early spared the intrusion of literature, and by the period of his war paintings, most of which are in the Imperial War Museum or the National Gallery of Canada, he had developed one of his most individual and significant characteristics. The War, Heavens knows, was full of 'human interest', of drama clamouring for illustration; but it was the distinction of Nash that he saw another, less obvious, less generally seen aspect, the strange still shapes



Piano, by Paul Nash



Liner, by Paul Nash

of a tortured landscape. *Still* shapes: now and then Nash has painted trees waving in a storm, now and then a moving figure or waves curling up to the wall at Dymchurch: but it is still shapes that have most consistently attracted him—trees that stand like columns or whose fantastic writhings are frozen into immobility; ponds that are as smooth as marble floors; hills that are like domes; bullrushes and dead grasses. Yet, as I have said above, there were these 'swaying rhythms'. In this motionless unpeopled world it was line only that lived and by its sinuous movement linked form to static form. It was a battle. Would the lines conquer and all Nash's world be caught up into dynamism like Van Gogh's, or would the forms conquer and his world pass into a perfect stillness like Piero della Francesca's? I think we have the answer now.

His imagination, long troubled by the intrusive restlessness of nature, now feeds more readily on the plane geometry of man-made things, or turning in upon itself creates 'ideal' forms and rhythms from Euclidean elements. In the present exhibition, 'Composition' (No. 19) is an extreme example of this. In 'Ship Interior', the sea—disciplined, shut behind the bars of the window—plays its part in a most satisfactory relationship where the two elements are combined. But it is the stillness inside that triumphs.

It would seem as if Nash had struggled through the persistent disturbances of nature to an austere severity, an almost mystical contemplation of changeless forms and changeless order. If this latter work seems difficult to some people, that is not surprising. Why should the vulgar mind always so noisily proclaim its pride at failing to understand the products of subtler minds, more sensitive perceptions? Nash is an aristocrat of the arts and an aristocrat of the spirit. His latest and so suitable companion has been Sir Thomas Browne. The drawings which he has made to accompany a new edition are not, like those pre-War drawings, illustrations: they are re-statements in purely visual terms. In the same way Nash has interpreted the Book of Genesis. I hope some publisher will

persuade him one day to do the same for Donne. For it seems to me, though I am shy to prophesy where so experimental a temperament is concerned, that Nash has almost done with translating the shapes of physical nature into the organised forms of art; that his concern now is with making images of thought and feeling, embodying, perhaps one may put it, Platonic 'ideas'. But while the 'ideas' of the mathematician lie *behind* his symbols, the 'ideas' of the true speculative artist like Nash lie *within* them. They have no other existence: we must look for Nash's significance in the visual created forms he places before us, not through them to some philosophic system of which they are mere illustrations. And yet, great as is my respect for the working artist, I believe that not the least important aspect of Nash's work when the whole story comes to be told, will be a pilgrim's progress. But it is a formal system, not a philosophic or religious, that he is seeking to grasp and express.

In *Moonshine and Magic* (Faber, 6s.) Alison Uttley has achieved that simplicity without sentimentality which is so difficult to obtain when writing for young children. 'Dreams for Sale' and 'The Tree That Walked' are two of her slight stories which possess an almost Hans Andersen flavour. 'The tree stood erect, alone in the big field, waiting for morning. As the sun rose, the cattle came slowly, grazing as they walked, eyes peering about from heads low bent. . . . Rabbits made their burrows under its shadow, and sat with wrinkled noses sniffing the scent of the leaves. The tree was filled with a deep content'. There is a pedlar who sells dreams, a rabbit who accidentally shoots a fairy and a puppy who wants to live in a hen-house. The regard for the seemingly trivial is immensely important to the child. 'Now, one day a fair came to the village, and Little Tom asked Big Tom to take him to see the sights. . . . They threw wooden balls at the coconuts, and Little Tom knocked one off, for the showman let him stand quite near'. The understanding and imagination which produced that last half-sentence have enabled Mrs. Uttley to 'write for children' in a manner which few people could successfully imitate.

Art in Ancient Life—IV

The Achievement of the Greek Potter

II—The Decorating of the Pot

By Professor BERNARD ASHMOLE

WHEN you choose a new dinner-set or a new tea-set, you are usually given a choice between china which is the same colour all over and china which has some sort of pattern on it. I wonder which you would choose, and I wonder what makes you choose one rather than the other? Leaving aside the question of shape, which we

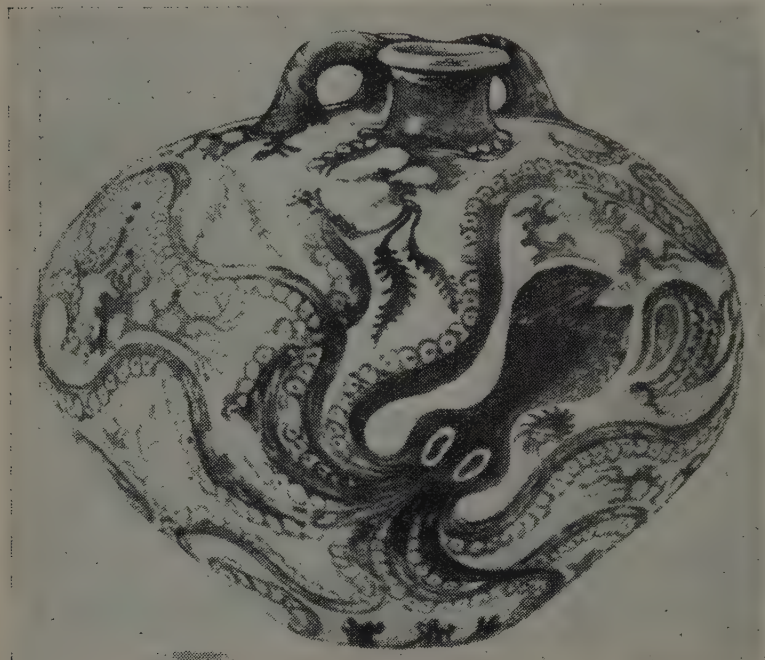
The next stage, after scratched or impressed ornament, is painted ornament. The use of paint for decorating pottery seems to have come into the Ægean area about the same time as copper. Almost as soon as paint is applied to pottery, the second great choice offered to pottery-using human beings arises. Are you going to have the body of your pot dark with decoration in light paint upon it, or are you going to have dark paint on a light pot?

The whole history of the decoration of Greek pottery is a history of the fluctuation between these two schemes of light on dark and dark on light. To-day, in Europe generally, the dark on light scheme seems definitely to have triumphed, chiefly because the natural colour of china clay from which most of our vessels are made is light. But you may remember that a few years ago there was a distinct revival of black-coated china, sometimes plain, sometimes with lighter designs upon it. The question now arises, 'In what sort of way is the paint going to be disposed over the surface of the pot?' And here again, broadly speaking, there are two main tendencies. These two tendencies in the application of painted decoration are, one, to cover the whole surface of the pot with pattern, to give it a kind of texture all over, with decorative elements of almost equal value as masses; and two, to isolate a few large masses, figures of animals or the like, or even one single mass—a single figure or a single flower—and leave the rest of the pot almost, or quite, plain. Generally speaking, the first tendency—to cover the whole surface—is an earlier tendency. Primitive artists don't like bare spaces. It is also, in Greece, rather an oriental tendency.

The other, the isolating tendency, was characteristically Greek, or even more narrowly than that, characteristically classical Greek. The classical ideal is to clear away everything in the least degree irrelevant to the single main idea which is being put forward, yet omitting nothing which is essential.

Relation of Pattern to Pot

Your form of decoration, whichever of these two it is, is under a certain obligation. That obligation is to the shape of the pot. A pot is not like a flat surface: being rounded, it goes into three dimensions. It is apt to taper one way or the other, towards top or bottom: or perhaps towards both. The best patterns will not ignore this; they will be adapted both to the roundness and to the taper. Let us consider a pot from one particularly interesting phase of Minoan vase-painting. Imagine yourself a Cretan of the



Submarine view painted on a Minoan clay bottle of the sixteenth century B.C.
From Bossert's 'Ali-Kreta'

dealt with last time, I suspect that if you choose the plain one it is because you like the colour, and if you choose the patterned one it is because you like the decoration. It is rather an odd thing to think that you are making the choice which has been offered to human beings almost as far back as we can trace. I will not go so far as to say that of the first two pots made one was plain and the other patterned, but I am fairly certain that it was not many months before some sort of decoration was added to some of the pots. Now, what sort of pattern was likely to be added?

It is rather difficult for us to think ourselves back into a world without its pattern-books. Nowadays the architect hardly ever thinks of inventing a new moulding; he just orders so many yards of bead-and-reel or egg-and-dart. The china-maker says 'Oh, give it a border of key-pattern'. Or even if they start out on what seems an original line, it is humanly impossible for them to rid their minds of all the patterns they have seen, which have become, as it were, part of their life. But there was a time when there were no patterns, and people had to invent them for themselves. Where did they get them from?

How Early Patterns Were Suggested and How Made

You may remember that last week I spoke of the pot having certain rivals, such as skins and baskets, more primitive perhaps than itself, because even more simple than making a thing out of clay is the placing of food on twigs to keep it off the ground, or the placing of liquid in the skin of an animal you have lately killed for food. Twigs come to be interwoven, skins come to be laced with strips cut from other parts of the same animal. Among the earliest patterns on pottery are those which seem to imitate basket-work and the lacing of skins. In exactly what way is this early decoration applied to the vase? It is usually scratched in, or 'incised' as we call it, and the incisions sometimes filled with white or red; sometimes it is impressed into the surface. It has been shown by Miss Liddell in *Antiquity*, for September, 1929, that many of these early impressed patterns, anyhow in England, were made with the ends of the bones of various wild creatures—blackbirds, crows, foxes, geese, stoats, and so on; while their sinews, twisted and knotted, were used for cord-patterns.



A funeral scene: in the upper band, the dead man upon the bier surrounded by mourners; in the lower band, war-chariots arriving. Clay bowl in Athenian 'geometric' style of the early eighth century B.C.
Metropolitan Museum, New York



Ajax and Achilles, on outpost at the siege of Troy, playing a game resembling draughts. Ajax calls 'Three!' Achilles, 'Four!' The minute detail, including that on the cloaks, is incised with a fine metal point in the surface of the clay. From a jar (now in the Vatican, Rome) in the 'black-figured' style, by the Athenian painter Exekias; third quarter of the sixth century B.C.

From Furtwängler-Reichhold's 'Griechische Vasenmalerei' (Bruckmann, Munich)

year 1500 B.C. or thereabouts: you have a jar of wine: it is a hot summer's day and you want to cool it. There is no spring near, but you are on the sea shore and you lower it gently off the rocks into deep, cool water. Weeds wave gently about it as it lies on the bottom. You go off to your morning's fishing, and when it is time for your dinner you come back for your wine. An octopus has curled itself about the jar, and only slides away when you start to pull it up again. Being a Cretan, you are an artist, and the memory of your plain pot as you saw it transfigured by the water and the waving seaweeds, will be vivid in your mind for many a day. And the next pot you paint will have your submarine view naturalistically painted upon it. Naturalistically, I said—a word that one must use with very great care. The painter wants his effect to be natural, but he realises, more or less consciously, that not everything in the object which served as his model will help that effect; so he selects only certain features to reproduce, and *arranges* what he has selected. The octopus is arranged without obvious symmetry, but that does not mean without care. The swing of the animal right round the pot not only enhances the immediate effect of reality but bears a definite, if not immediately analysable, relationship to the shape of the pot, in its roundness. I have spoken of flowers, figures of animals, men and so on, as if these objects were perfectly natural ones to choose. And I have hinted in a fanciful way at how a fisherman might have had a decoration suggested to him by nature. But there are other factors which influence the artist in his choice. His decoration sometimes, though not always, has something to do with the purpose of the pot. Even that octopus, by its suggestion of cooling water, might be said to have something to do with purpose. Then what could be prettier than to paint a fountain-scene on a water-pot? Or a drinking-scene on a wine cup? On vases that are used for burials or are placed over graves to receive offerings for the dead, it is appropriate to paint a funeral scene.

The Geometric World

This is so common that I feel that I ought to introduce you to one of them more intimately. It belongs to a later age than the last, after the Achæan and Dorian invasions had superimposed a new culture on the old Minoan. The decoration is still carried out with the same kind of lustrous varnish paint as in Minoan times, and this is one of the definite pieces of evidence for the continuity of the older and the newer civilisation. But how changed that decoration is! The whole surface of the vase is now covered symmetrically with a network of patterns, arranged in horizontal rows one above the

other; not a single square inch is bare. And all these patterns are most peculiar. Whatever they represent they have one thing in common. They are all reduced, as far as possible, to a geometric formula. Imagine a fine muslin skin, with patterns worked in blackish thread on it, pasted carefully over the whole surface of the vase. It is a fairly good comparison, because the patterns worked on stuff, owing to their bearing a definite relationship to the scheme of the threads, do generally have this geometric character; and it is even possible that some of the decoration on geometric pots is actually imitated from embroidery. Think of the children's samplers of needlework which were common a hundred years ago, and of the way that trees and people and birds were geometrised on them, and you will have a fair idea of the way in which the forms are treated.

Because they are almost purely geometric, you can draw them, at any rate the upper-part of them, quite easily: the legs are more like nature, with curving thighs and calves. All are done in black silhouette. They have no clothes, not because they wore none actually, but because it is easier to make them clear without. Look at one of the women. It is a funeral scene and she is tearing her hair in mourning, so the arms are raised and form a rectangle enclosing the head: in the earlier vases this was simply a black knob, but here it has been enlivened by 'reserving a place for the eye. The base of the rectangle forms also one of the sides of an equilateral triangle, pointing downwards; this triangle is the upper part of the woman's body, seen, as it were, from the front. Joined on to the lowest point of this is a pair of legs in profile. This is geometric woman. Geometric man is usually even simpler, because his shield covers him almost entirely. A head like the woman's, with a little tail sticking out behind it, which is his helmet-crest. This head rests on the upper edge of his shield, which is a big oval with two huge bites taken one out of each side almost cutting the oval in two; across the narrow part thus formed is a horizontal line for a sword with cross-hilt, perhaps a pair of spears and, below the lower edge of the shield, a pair of calves and feet as before.

You will be struck by one point, and that is that the *subjects* of the scenes, interesting though they are, are less important for the decorative effect of the jar as a whole than when considered simply as pattern. The figures play a part not very much more important than the abstract patterns; they are in fact only just out of the abstract stage, turning as it were from rectilinear chrysalis to curvilinear butterfly.

It is a curious thing that I have got so far and still managed to

*See illustration No. 9 in the Supplement on 'The Art of Greece' to THE LISTENER October 12

evade the question 'Why choose a pot to draw on at all?' It seems such a simple question. But I don't know that the equally simple answer I am going to give to it is really the right one. I suggest that it is because the desire to draw is universal and that baked clay pots did happen to be one of the cheapest and easiest things to draw on. Have you ever tried to imagine a world without a scrap of paper or even the tiniest stump of a lead pencil? For thousands of years there was no paper, and pencils in their present form are the invention of a century or two ago. What did primitive man do about it? The skins of animals, it is true, are not unlike paper in some ways, and did come eventually to be used for drawing on, but parchment has always been an exceedingly costly material, reserved for documents of high importance. There were many better purposes—for making clothing, sandals, flasks—to which the skins of animals could be put. So baked clay is the choice. Then, having the thing to draw on, what to draw with? No pencils, it is true: but a stick can be burned at the end or dipped in blood or the lees of wine, and a brush of grasses is soon devised. The moment the would-be artist has found his material, he is to some extent its servant just as he is to some extent its master. The material in some degree governs the way in which the artist must work. Take the commonest example you can think of, a child at work, first with pencil and paper, second with paint-box and paper. With pencil his or her efforts will tend to have a linear character; but it is another matter with the brush. Here, only years of practice will enable anyone to draw a fine line, and (except in some of the most astonishing periods of attainment such as certain phases of Chinese art where single brush strokes of extraordinary subtlety are employed) its best effects will lie in broad washes or solid masses of colour. The broader effects are easier, and linear effects more difficult.

Importance of Silhouette

That is partly why the silhouette, the figure that is one colour all over, comes to be such an important feature in all early painting, because a broad outline soon lends itself to filling in. And even if the figure were in thin outline, the outline is valuable not as pure line but because of what it encloses: it has the power to alter the character of the whole area within it: the value of the blank space inside the outline has a very different value from the blank space outside it, simply because it is enclosed. The space inside is body, the space outside void. Later on the existence of the body is made more easily understood, first by the colouring of the whole area within the outline, second by the adding of details within that area: but it is well to remember that it is really the outline, the outer edge of a silhouette, the 'contour' as we call it, which has such supreme value. We are back again at the silhouette, the big isolated mass which we suggested was one of the important elements in vase decoration. Look at No. 6 in the Supplement. I should imagine it is impossible to find a more expressive silhouette. The perfect embodiment of a runner, almost the abstract idea of a runner, so far abstracted that he has not even any ground to run on, no starting-point, no winning-post, no spectators. But could it be better done? It was not at the same time that all Greek vase-painters took this bold step of isolating the figure. Long after this particular runner was painted you still get survivals of older schemes where figures are kept on a smaller scale and their place on the vase still challenged to some extent by old rivals. Look first at No. 5 in the Supplement. It will serve for an example, though not the best that could be chosen. Here is an orientalising form of decoration with band after band of pattern, usually animals or monsters, running round the jug, one above the other: some of the vases like this have many more bands. Now look at No. 9, and you will

see that though there is one main picture on the body of the vase, above and below it are smaller scenes: these are the old bands being gradually pushed off the pot. You will notice that the lowest (below the picture of girls drawing water) is a band of animals, as it was on No. 5. The water-scene is an interloper, but the interest of its subject has sufficed to make it dominant, and the old animal-bands will one day disappear altogether; then you will get pots with the concentrated interest of a single picture. These single pictures are usually stories taken from legend. Sometimes they are just scenes from daily life.

Take another jar of about the same period (Supplement No. 7) and analyse some of the elements of its decoration. There is the magnificent silhouetted group in black, enhanced with touches of white and colour, and the details incised; there is the lovely stylised plant ornament below the handles (best seen in No. 8), the wreath of honeysuckle round the neck, and the wreath of lotus-buds below the picture: below that again are some geometric survivals, key patterns and rays. There is one further important feature of the decoration, and that is the very beautifully placed inscriptions.

Black Figure, Red Figure

We have now reached the mid-sixth century B.C., and what is called the black-figured stage. The great innovation made towards the end of the sixth century is not to give up the silhouette, but to make it instead a red figure reserved from the black background, the pot now being painted black all over. One great advantage of this technique is that instead of having to scratch all the detail of your figures with a sharp metal point so that thin lines of red clay show through the black varnish of your figure, you can now draw these details in thin black lines of the varnish on the red surface of the figure. No one has yet been able to discover what the instrument was with which these wonderfully fine and flexible lines were drawn. Naturally it is a medium which allows much freer effects than the old incision: and since the great interest of this age is the infinite manifestations of beauty in the human figure, that new medium came at the right moment. In No. 11 in the Supplement, and in the mixing bowl illustrated in the LISTENER of November 2, on page 629, you will see how the masses still tell, how the silhouette is as bold as ever, though the colours are reversed.

The old white-ground pot, that is, the pot where the background is white instead of red, very common earlier, does not go out altogether, but now, instead of having black figures in silhouette upon it, it has a figure drawn in the new delicate single line of paint. A very beautiful picture it makes. Look at the delicacy of No. 12 in the Supplement, which is a white-ground jug with outline figure. The picture is very beautiful: but something of decorative value seems to have been lost. The silhouette has gone, that most notable of decorative elements, and now there is nothing but the sheer expressiveness of the drawing to differentiate the figure from its background. The red-figured silhouette was never superseded by the outline drawing. Red-figure painting still went on. But the clearness of the silhouette was to be sacrificed in another and much more serious way. The art of painting pictures on the internal walls of buildings had been making great strides in Athens during the fifth century. And though the originals of these great wall pictures have all perished, you can still see the effect they had on the vase painters. It was disastrous. The vase painters became dissatisfied with their efforts, ignored the limitations of their medium, and tried to crowd great compositions on to their little vases. The silhouettes are confused by the crowding of the figures and by the devices of perspective, which, because it suggests depth, tends to break up the unity of the surface; the vase as a decorative object is ruined.



Heracles, dissatisfied with the reply of the oracle at Delphi, carries off the tripod of Apollo. An Athenian clay jar, in the 'red-figured' style, of the early fifth century B.C., showing the classical tendency to clear the field of everything inessential

From E. Langlotz' 'Griechische Vasenbilder' (von König, Heidelberg)

*The Law of the Land—VI**The Law and the Family*

By C. H. S. FIFOOT

THE changes which have taken place in the last hundred years in the status of the family, and especially in the position of the wife, are so great that they amount to a revolution as significant as the Industrial Revolution itself. Indeed, who would be bold enough to say that social changes are less important than mechanical changes? We saw last week some of the consequences upon the law of the development of machinery: how the judges had to create a new law of negligence to deal with its results. The Family Revolution has produced as vital an alteration in the English law, though in this case the alteration has been made, for the most part, rather by Parliament than by the judges. Perhaps our best chance of understanding this alteration will be by stating, first, the older



'Marriage à la Mode'

Before the Married Women's Property Act, marriage was a business affair conducted by a woman's male relatives and lawyers, as this print by Hogarth shows

Rischgitz

law governing the status of married women, and then comparing it with the new. Sir William Blackstone in the year 1760 discussed the position of the wife in a famous passage. 'By marriage', he said, 'the husband and wife are one person in law: that is, the very being or legal existence of the woman is suspended during the marriage, or at least is incorporated and consolidated into that of the husband, under whose wing, protection and cover, she performs everything. Upon this principle, of a union of person in husband and wife, depend almost all the legal rights, duties and disabilities, that either of them acquire by the marriage'. Lord Coke, in the seventeenth century, had put the position even more tersely. 'Husband and wife are one person in the law', he said, 'and the husband is that one'. Blackstone, indeed, was forced to admit that the *personal* rights of the husband over the wife had been impaired since the happy days of Lord Coke. 'By the old law', he said, 'the husband might give his wife moderate correction. For, as he is to answer for her misbehaviour, the law thought it reasonable to intrust him with this power of restraining her by domestic chastisement. But', he laments, 'in the politer reign of Charles II this power of correction began to be doubted', and only 'the lower rank of people, who were always fond of the old common law, still claim and exert their ancient privilege'. But though the decadence of the eighteenth century might rob the husband of his *personal* rights, his power over his wife's property remained virtually unaltered at the beginning of the reign of Queen Victoria.

The Personal Poverty of the Victorian Wife

The disabilities of the married woman at the common law were severe indeed. In the first place; she could own no property at all. Before the marriage ceremony, Mary might have a good balance at the bank, a nice little house at Highbury or Islington and, if the early Victorian woman had a pocket, or at least a reticule, a number of golden sovereigns inside it. When she returned from the church, all this property, as if by magic, had passed from her hands into those of her husband. His was now the money at the bank and in the reticule, his the nice little house in the suburbs. Nor was this all. Anything that Mary's uncle might leave her after the marriage, any money she might earn by her own exertions, this too became her husband's. The lazy creature might, indeed, sit down in idle

content for the rest of his life and let his wife work for him, secure in the knowledge that she had no right to her earnings.

From this position other consequences followed. As the wife enjoyed no property, she could make no contracts on her own behalf. If she ordered for her amusement a carriage and a spanking pair of horses and neglected to pay for them, the unfortunate tradesman had no redress. He could not sue the wife because she had no property; he could not sue the husband because he had not made the contract. If, indeed, the wife had acted as the husband's agent and pledged his credit with his authority, if, for example, she had ordered groceries for the family table, the husband might possibly be sued. For here the wife was but the mouthpiece of the husband. But this was the exception that proved the rule. Whenever the wife purported to contract on her own behalf, the tradesman entered the transaction at his own risk.

So far we have considered the position in contract. The legal unity of husband and wife had somewhat different consequences in the law of torts. If a wife trespassed on A's land or injured him by driving her phaeton furiously or slandered him, she was, of course, a wrongdoer, and in theory A could sue her. But, as she had no property out of which the damages could be recovered, this was a barren prospect. The law therefore allowed A to sue the husband as well. It did not suggest that he had been in any way to blame. He was made a party to the action, as it was said, 'for conformity only'; in bald fact, because he had the money.

Modern Woman Holds Her Own

Such was the ignominious position of married women at the common law when a woman became Queen of England in 1837. In the next fifty years, however, a series of reforms were carried



'Treat your American Wives with kindness'

But Charles Dana Gibson's cartoon of the relations between this American heiress and the English peer who has married her for her money could only have been drawn since the passing of the Act of 1882

out by Parliament, culminating in 1882 in a great statute called the Married Women's Property Act. The effect of this Act was to enable a wife to enjoy her own property in almost the same way as if she had remained unmarried. When Mary marries to-day, the money at her bank and in her pocket, her little house in the suburbs, these all remain her own property and do not pass to her husband at all. The same independence is observed with regard to any money she may earn after the marriage. This proprietary liberty of the wife has naturally affected other branches of the law. As she may now enjoy a separate property, so she can contract on her own behalf and be sued if she fails to pay her debts. Her husband, of course, is not liable on any contract which she makes on her own behalf; but he may be liable if she has acted as his agent, just as he was before the law was changed. This question of agency is so important and has raised so many questions, that we had better consider it a little more closely.

The Husband's Liability

The general rule is this. A husband is primarily bound to support his wife, and if he leaves her destitute she may pledge his credit to keep herself alive. Apart from a crisis of this nature,

it is presumed, if husband and wife are living together, that the wife is the husband's agent to buy such things as food and clothing for herself and the family. I have used the word 'presumed', for it does not necessarily follow that the wife can order these goods on the husband's credit. If a tradesman sues the husband, the latter may defend himself in several ways. He may prove that he has forbidden his wife to make such contracts; or that he has given her enough money to buy the goods for herself; or that she is already adequately supplied with them. More than this: he need not normally have told the tradesman any of these things before the wife has ordered the goods. Such a warning is only necessary if the husband has previously led a particular tradesman to believe that the wife has, in fact, his authority; as where he has previously paid her bills at that shop. The husband may also show that the goods supplied to the wife are not necessities at all, or that the tradesman, when he supplied them, regarded the wife, and not the husband, as the person to whom he was to look for payment. A case decided in 1923 will illustrate the position. The wife of a Captain in the British Army had ordered from a Paris firm of dressmakers fifty evening dresses at 4,000 francs apiece, dozens of silk stockings at 200 francs a pair, and shoes to the value of 10,000 francs a year. The dressmakers sued the husband. He pleaded, firstly, that these clothes were not necessary for the maintenance of his wife in the station to which it had pleased God to call her; secondly, that the dressmakers had, in fact, given credit, not to him as the husband, but to the lady herself as an individual woman. Mr. Justice McCardie accepted both these arguments and gave judgment for the husband.

Apart from the question of agency, the result of the Married Women's Property Acts is to enable a wife to contract and to be sued on her contracts almost as though she were a single woman. So, too, in the law of torts, if a wife slanders or trespasses or injures the plaintiff by driving furiously in her car, as she is allowed to have property of her own, so she may be sued alone if the plaintiff pleases. But it does not follow that she is the only person who can be sued. You will remember that under the old law, the husband might also be sued when his wife had done something wrong, not because he was himself to blame, but because he had all the money. One would have thought that, as the new Acts have taken this money from him, so they would have relieved him from legal liability where he is in no way to blame. Owing to the actual wording of the Acts, however, the judges have held that this is not the case, and that the plaintiff, if he pleases, may join the husband as a co-defendant with the wife, and, if he cannot get damages out of her, may have a shot at him.

Marriage a Bar to Legal Action

So far we have considered the position of the husband and wife as against the rest of the world. What are their rights as against each other? The answer, as far as the husband is concerned, is very simple. He has no right of any kind which he can enforce by action against his wife. She, on the other hand, has certain rights against him. She may sue him if this is necessary to protect her own separate property. A case of this kind occurred in 1924. A man married a widow with two children. He had no visible means of support and lived on the wife, who carried on a small shop at Windsor and took in lodgers. The shop and house were her own separate property. The husband took to drink and his habits made it difficult or impossible for her to get lodgers. It was held by the Court of Appeal that he could be prevented from entering his wife's premises or otherwise disturbing her possession. But the wife may not claim damages from the husband for any personal wrong he may have committed against her. She may not sue him for slander or for negligence: and this is so even if the cause of complaint arose before the marriage. The Court had to consider this point in 1930. In October, 1928, Esther and Harry were driving in Harry's car. They were in what Mr. Justice McCardie described as 'the glamour of that period which precedes the romantic severity of a formal engagement', and, dazzled by the situation, Harry did not keep a proper look-out and had an accident. As a result Esther lost the sight of one eye. Shortly afterwards two events occurred. Esther and Harry became formally engaged and Esther issued a writ against Harry, claiming damages for the results of his negligence. Before the trial came on, the parties were married. A position that at first sight seems strange becomes intelligible when it is added that the interests of an insurance company depended on the result of the action. Mr. Justice McCardie held that no action would lie.

Legal Relationship of Parent and Child

Let us now consider for a moment the legal relationship of parent and child. We have seen how loath the law has been to interfere as between husband and wife. It displays a similar reluctance to come between parent and child. Indeed, in these days when children are supposed to be treated as equal, independent persons, it is strange to observe the extent to which the law has maintained the father's right to control his house-

hold. A father is said to be bound to maintain, educate and protect his children. In order that we may see what this amounts to, I must refer once more to the distinction between the civil and the criminal law to which I called attention in my first talk. By a civil action an individual claims compensation for some injury which he supposes to have been done to him. By a criminal prosecution the State interferes to punish conduct injurious to the community as a whole. Now when it is said that a father is bound to perform certain offices for his children, this does not mean that the children have corresponding rights which they can enforce against their father. They have no such rights. All that can happen if the father fails to carry out his duties is that the State, by some form of prosecution, may intervene to punish him.

Suppose the father neglects to provide for the maintenance of his children, though he is financially able to do so. All that can be done is to invoke the machinery of the Poor Law. By this means the father's goods can, if necessary, be seized and sold, and the father himself punished under the Vagrancy Act as an 'idle and disorderly person' or even as a 'rogue and vagabond'. But it is worth noticing that no one is bound under the Poor Law to provide more than the bare necessities of life, and no father need, unless he wishes, maintain his child in the same standard of comfort as himself. It is much the same with the child's education. If a father does not send his child to school he will, unless he has a valid excuse, be punished: but the child cannot sue him. Nor can anyone compel the father to educate the child in any particular way. A millionaire may, if he pleases, send his son to an elementary school.

The father is also said to be under a duty to protect his child; but this again is rather a power which he may exercise than a duty which he must perform. He can help his children in a lawsuit if he wishes, but he need not do so. He may protect them physically, but he need not. He may pay their debts, but he need not. He may, as Blackstone says, 'lawfully correct his child, being under age, in a reasonable manner; but', as he somewhat hypocritically adds, 'this is for the benefit of his education'. His powers of chastisement, however, are not unlimited, and if he is guilty of cruelty he will find himself exposed to the penalties of the Children's Acts. The power of correction, of course, may be, and often is, delegated by the parent to a schoolmaster, as most boys have found to their cost. To sum up in the words of Lord Esher, 'The law cannot inquire in every case how fathers have fulfilled their duties. The law does not usually interfere because of the great faith it has in the natural affection of the father to perform his duties. But if it finds the father guilty of a gross breach of that trust, then the sanctions of the criminal law are brought into play'.

The Englishman's Right to Disinherit his Family

Now to the last scene of the history of family life. Whatever changes may take place in the framework of society, the instinct remains which drives the normal man to work to provide himself and his family with as large a share of comfort and opportunity as he can secure. When he reaches the end of his life, what is he to do with the wealth he has accumulated? We nearly all of us desire to control as large a slice of posterity as we can and, by directing the future course of our fortunes, to rob death of something of its sting. The English law has been lenient in its efforts to satisfy this desire, though whether the results are always happy for the survivors is another question. It is necessary to notice, in the first place, that, among wealthy people, it is the custom, when a man marries, to prepare what is called a family settlement. By this means a proportion of the man's property is 'settled' on his future wife and on any children of the marriage in such a way that the man himself is prevented from interfering with it. In such a case, of course, no future will can deprive the family of its share. In the majority of marriages, however, there is no such settlement: usually for the very good reason that there is nothing to settle. Here the position of the family after the father's death depends on whether he has or has not made a will. If he has not made a will, suitable portions are given to the wife and children under the terms of the Acts prepared under the influence of the late Lord Birkenhead. But if the father has made a will, the fortunes of his dependents are left to the mercy of his caprice. It has been said, with perfect truth, that in England a man may 'endow a college or a cat, and leave his widow and children to starve'. He can cut off his eldest son or any other member of his family even without the proverbial shilling. It may be that this is another instance of the trust which the law places in the affection and good sense of the father. All that can be said is that most of us know cases in which this trust has been grossly abused. Whether Parliament will think fit in the future to alter the law is a speculation upon which it is happily not necessary for me to embark. It is, however, worth observing that England is almost alone among the civilised countries of the world in according so full and so dangerous a liberty, and that fourteen hundred years ago the Emperor Justinian found it necessary to prohibit his subjects from disinheriting their families save for some good and sufficient reason.

*Consider Your Verdict—IV**Mary Smith v. John Brown*

THE CASE:—In 1926, John Brown, who had employment in the City of London, proposed to Miss Mary Smith, who had just been called to the Bar. She accepted him: they agreed that when Mr. Brown secured promotion they would marry. This year his remuneration was increased to £700 a year and Miss Smith was still willing to marry. But during the years that elapsed since the beginning of the engagement, Miss Smith's income, derived from her very successful practice at the Bar, has reached £3,000. John Smith writes to her saying that he will not marry her unless she abandons her professional practice. Miss Smith refuses to consent to the condition, and, when John Brown breaks off the engagement, she sues him for breach of promise.

COMMENTS: Of all unsavoury types of civil action, breach of promise is about the worst. It is becoming more and more the one cause of action which is 'not done by nice people'. Most people would feel that a woman must be specially mercenary or utterly insensitive before she can bring herself to sue her former fiancé. How many times has the platitude been uttered, 'You can buy everything with money except love'. To nearly everybody the notion of compensation in cash for the loss of a spouse is repugnant. When counsel for the plaintiff reminded us that 'money is the only available medium' he did not dissipate our repugnance.

This case is not improved by its essential improbability. From consideration of a commonplace hiker's trespass and a running-down case, we are suddenly transported to a specially fantastic piece of fiction. Had the reverse been imagined, and had Miss Smith, by her refusal to marry Mr. Brown because she did not want to interfere with her profession or to take that step down the financial ladder which marriage 'might mean', provoked him to sue her, we should have been a little less sceptical. For the man may sue for breach of promise of marriage no less than the woman. Mercifully such action is still far more rare than the yearly less frequent action by the woman.

But in *Mary Smith v. John Brown*, somebody's taste for unlikelihood has run riot. We are asked to believe that Miss Smith, a lady who has achieved a greater success—if emoluments are any criterion—than any of her sister practitioners since women were admitted to the Bar, is going to brave the derision and the discomfort which her course must bring. She will suffer socially and therefore professionally. Counsel for the defendant attempted the jest 'she is not genuinely contemplating the silken dalliance of love. She is contemplating taking silk'. If that was really in Mary Smith's contemplation, two things may be said. Her conduct in suing John Brown will fatally load the dice against her in her latest professional gamble: and John Brown need not have feared that his wife's K.C. would have deprived him of her society so certainly as her practice as a junior.

And she presumably gave evidence. She heard her letters to and from John Brown read in open court, in all their detailed intimacy. And she and he were cross-examined upon them. All these consequences of her desire to litigate she must, as an experienced barrister, have foreseen. She had seen the tears and tantrums of several plaintiffs in this class of action. Yet she is willing to be pilloried by one of her legal colleagues. And for what purpose?—monetary damages, when she is earning £3,000 and John Smith is earning £700.

Yet she is bound to win. She has the clearest case in the world. John Brown's counsel argued that the contract was discharged because Mary persisted in a line of conduct which made it impossible for her to fulfil her side of the bargain. Incidentally, he also made what he could out of the obviously unfair fact that John would be responsible for finding income-tax on their joint income of £3,700 a year. 'Her professional duties', says he, 'will override her married status'. Thousands of women keep their jobs after marriage and make excellent wives. Besides, though her being a lawyer makes this case specially ironical, it was an unfortunate profession to have been selected for Brown's resentment. Should Brown become sick, there will be dozens of young men of great intelligence but little reputation, who will fall over one another in their anxiety to devil Mary's cases for her for half fees or even gratis. It will be unfortunate if his indisposition coincides with her appearance before the Supreme Court of Washington. But has no Englishman fallen ill during his American wife's visit to the transatlantic home of his mother-in-law?

Besides, there is no certainty that her professional interests will make intelligent conversation impossible between them. After her day's activities, it is quite unlikely that she wants to mystify John Brown with unintelligible shop. Barristers have been found who are able to discuss other matters than law. It is unlikely that she will be indifferent to the comfort and the

equipment of their home any more than John's work in the city will prevent him from becoming an enthusiastic amateur gardener.

Counsel for the defence was even so desperate as to suggest that Mary might be engaged in a case against John as counsel for the other side, and might cross-examine him in Court! I imagine that was a joke, as, indeed the whole case, save the summing-up, may be, but how many hundreds to one are the chances against such an accident? I wonder how often a husband has cross-examined his wife, so to speak, by accident. But, while Mary is going to win, she cannot gain a husband. Normally, where a party refuses to fulfil his share of a contract, he has either to pay damages or is compelled to perform it. A defaulting fiancé cannot be compelled to perform the marriage. He has only to pay damages. These damages will compensate Mary for the injury to her feelings and her loss, temporary at least, of the supposedly improved status of marriage. But she has suffered no pecuniary loss. As the judge told us 'Were she to have married the defendant, she would be a poorer and not a richer woman'. Had John been suing Mary he would, on the footing of pecuniary loss, have been entitled to very considerable damages. And he would have been entitled also to the return by Mary of the engagement ring! For so was it held in a case of 1917.

Another case may indicate what a jury would do in such circumstances as these. X, a young man earning £3 a week, became engaged to Y. During their courtship he stated in writing and by word that he was earning between £20 and £30 a week. He corroborated his story by brandishing treasury notes before the young lady. In spite of letters of quite remarkable extravagance, he broke off the engagement in a particularly callous way. Y sued him, and though her counsel founded a fabulous claim upon X's lying story, the jury awarded her £5.

Mary is going to be even less fortunate. A farthing might appropriately represent the jury's contempt and she may find herself ordered to pay the costs. This paradoxical case at least provides us with an opportunity of expressing our opinion of those who bring actions for breach of promise!

VYVYAN ADAMS

Debatable Points in Taxation

(Continued from page 650)

buys. This for two reasons. It used to be thought the chief virtue of such taxes that they are silent, and do their work without fuss, the payer being hardly conscious that he was being taxed. But to-day many think that this is a drawback, not a virtue, and an educated democracy ought to be expenditure-conscious, and realise a fuller degree of civic and national responsibility. The exponents of this view would levy a direct demand upon every person. But, unfortunately, as a practical taxing expedient, direct income tax upon many millions is not very feasible, and the taxing departments would have a more difficult task. Those who would give up indirect taxes, would do so because they think the masses cannot bear taxes without actual hurt to themselves, and the whole burden should fall upon the wealthy. But so long as a large percentage of the incomes is spent upon tobacco and beer, this is hard to justify. Moreover, 'no representation without taxation' may be urged, as a principle, but this is a political rather than an economic contention. Be on the look-out, therefore, for the arguments getting *wholly* into the field of ulterior motives and *out* of revenue raising, and watch whether those motives are secondary or primary, that is, whether they are the main reason for suggesting a particular form, or only a consequence. Also watch whether the reasons are positive or negative—whether to promote some supposed good, or avoid the worst evil consequences.

Do not imagine that there is any sacred proportion between indirect and direct taxes, but remember the former have great administrative advantages and some civic disadvantages.

Remember the latter may have important effects upon capital and incentive, and lessen the national dividend. Watch the catch phrases such as 'money fructifying in the pockets of the people' which may be sheer bunk, if the individual spends it less worthily than a company conserving its profits, or a public authority providing services which aid production or health: or again, 'killing the goose that lays the golden eggs', for he may have finished laying: or 'reducing to the level of subsistence', when the reduction cuts out non-essentials or taxes can be avoided by non-indulgence. These are question-begging phrases that need close examination. Remember Great Britain is the most heavily taxed, and that taxation for purposes largely fixed in cost becomes heavier as the price level goes down, and business is depressed, so that scrutiny of the essential justification of expenditure, old and new, becomes increasingly necessary when the model balance is thus disturbed.

In Celebration of Elgar—I

By ERIC BLOM

ON June 2 last Sir Edward Elgar was seventy-five. The event passed all but unnoticed by the musical world, no doubt mainly because a month without an 'r' is not a season for musical festivity, opera excepted—and Elgar never had anything to do with opera, though it once tried him, when 'Caractacus' was forced on the stage at Liverpool. But now the British Broadcasting Corporation is going to celebrate the occasion by devoting three of the Queen's Hall Symphony Concerts* entirely to works by Elgar. This organisation will thus do as much for him as later on for the centenary of the birth of Brahms, which falls due on May 7 of next year.

One has heard objections to the project. It was said by some that a seventy-fifth birthday should not be treated like a centenary, and by others that in any case the birthday was now over. The first criticism can, I think, be adequately countered by the simple question whether centenary celebrations really mean anything, since they are almost invariably held for composers who, like Brahms, are always being celebrated, whatever the year, month or day may be. The only rational reply also answers the second objection to these Elgar celebrations, for it is not of the least consequence that the composer's birthday happens to be in June and not at the end of the year; what matters is that he has lived to a purpose for three-quarters of a century and is still with us to conduct some of his works as only he can. For without being a great conductor in a technical sense, he never fails to impress an orchestra by his presence and to make it give utterance to his behests, guessed from between the notes as much as gathered from his guiding gestures, with a conviction such as no other conductor can induce. It is not craft that sways the players and us when Elgar conducts; it is the awareness of genius, and that is always worth experiencing, birthday or no birthday. Thus, while we need not attach any particular importance to a date, or to its being a little tardily observed, we may surely welcome any excuse that lets us have a survey of Elgar's music on a large scale and in ideal circumstances.

Here we come, however, upon a third possible stricture. There are people who say that Elgar, being no Brahms, is not worth quite all that attention. But then, there are others who will say precisely the same thing of Brahms himself. In both cases the criticism is purely that of persons who will not let others feast upon a composer to the extent of three symphony concerts, simply because he does not happen to be to their taste: in other words, a criticism to be dismissed as irrelevant

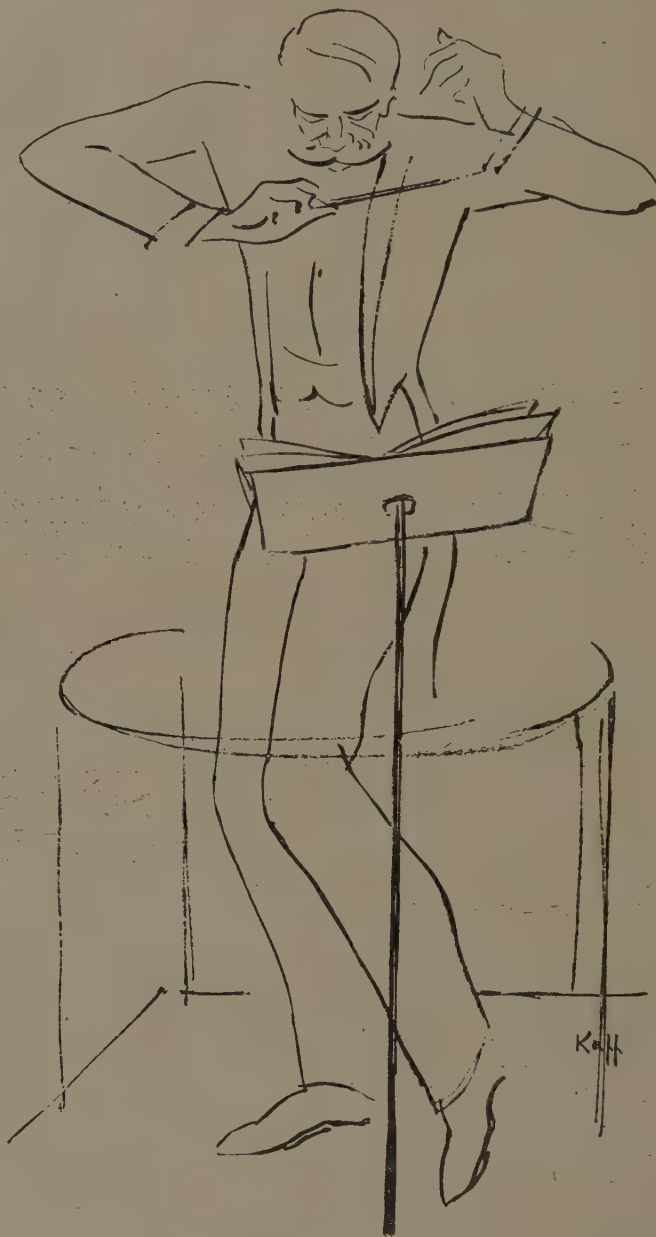
to the real issue. We have nevertheless the right to ask, since Elgar is allowed to occupy so much space in the B.B.C. concert scheme, whether such a choice is not as much due to individual taste as a possible disapproval of it. In fact, is he merely a famous Englishman, a composer of seventy-five, a knight and a recipient of the Order of Merit, the Master of the King's Musick; is he anything else under the sun that may matter a

great deal to him and to the world, but in itself nothing to art; or is he what alone has any bearing on his being thus celebrated—a composer of the first rank, an Old Master of the future?

Well, Elgar is many things that might secure him the following of an audience who is interested above all in a personality with a long entry in *Who's Who*. It is no doubt possible to arrange three concerts for a fashionable composer and make a momentary success of them. But, for all his worldly attributes, Elgar, as it happens, has never been a fashionable composer. He has, it is true, written some popular music which made its mark. 'Salut d'amour' is as current a tune as any of the light teashop wares for which the Continent had previously held a monopoly, and 'Land of Hope and Glory' suited the temper of Edwardian and Imperialist Britain. Even among the works to be taken as seriously as the Oratorios, 'The Dream of Gerontius' ranks second in the people's mind only to 'The Messiah' and 'Elijah'. But nobody could pretend that the orchestral works and his third Oratorio, 'The Kingdom', to be played at the forthcoming celebration, have ever drawn an audience that would justify their being made into box-office attractions.

There is no getting away from it: three whole Elgar concerts on a grand scale justify themselves only because he is a great man, one whose fame does not depend on an immediate

popular following, but induces those who can see him for what he is, to insist on their conviction again and again. His music is not played because it yields quick returns; it is done because, though the immediate profit may be small each time, it simply cannot be disregarded. For Elgar's genius is imperious—not merely imperialist, as some people will have it. This or that person may dislike it, as it is natural for anything of such strong individuality to be disliked by those who lean with equal force to another side; but it is impossible to dismiss it from one's mind and from the picture we make ourselves of contemporary music. Here is a big figure which, however it may disturb some of us, cannot be overlooked. The disturbances, though not many, have been called by a multitude of names: grandiloquence, ostentation, a show of chivalry, a



Sir Edward Elgar, by Kapp

redolence of incense, conceit, jingoism, vulgarity even. Perhaps they boil down, however, so far as anything matters, to the single grievance that Elgar is over-fond of a nobility of utterance which looks too deliberately assumed. Indeed, one is sometimes tempted to think that all his musical directions might just as well have been reduced to the single injunction of *nobilmente*. How this has irritated some critics! One of the most eminent said that Elgar's manner was not pleasing to English ears, which of course meant his utter elimination from the face of music, since no other ears ever listen to him, to their own loss. But whatever a man's annoyance may be on hearing Elgar's music, a feeling to which he is perfectly entitled as an individual with views of his own, he cannot assume the right of speaking on behalf of English ears, even if they *had* any collective existence. Elgar, like any other master of very pronounced personality, cannot help leaving some hearers cold, if not antipathetic, while he stirs others profoundly. But one never hears it questioned that he *is* a master.

A strongly personal attitude always restricts the range of a composer's appeal, though it need not limit the universal acknowledgment of his genius, provided that be imposing enough. Bach and Mozart, who wrote very much in the idiom of their time, which they only made much more pliable by the immense superiority of their craftsmanship and imagination, have a greater hold on the affections of all the world than Beethoven, the intensely individual manner of whose later works, though capable of engendering the greatest possible devotion in those temperamentally akin to him, may also upset others. If these have any discernment at all, they will not admire him the less; they simply find that their admiration is unaccompanied by love. So with Elgar, who is very much in Beethoven's position, if not on the same level, as he would be the first to insist. Still, a good enough case, and if

there is nobody these days to reach quite up to the level, who is there nearer to it than Elgar? There are composers alive who captivate us more quickly. Strauss at his best has more glamour and passion, Delius more delicacy and poetry, Ravel more wit and taste, Sibelius a more abundant and fetterless imagination, Stravinsky more adventurousness; but to none can we turn so often as to him and find new depths of meaning even where at first we may have seen only mannerism or outward display.

That is the point: while we have our uses for certain works by the others, and a particular love for certain pages in those works, and knew the first time we heard them whether we should care for these things or not, Elgar compelled admiration even by what we did not think much of in the beginning and have perhaps never come to love. The 'cello Concerto fell flat when it came out, not only because the orchestral performance was rather poor, but no doubt because of that very restraint which now endears itself to us as the mellow autumnal melancholy of a great composer's farewell to his art. 'The Apostles' has never convinced one in every particular, and yet it makes a deep impression as a whole again and again, not because it contains stretches of beautiful, eloquent music and much fine detail, but because it bears the stamp of greatness all over, even where the composer took a line of little resistance.

Perhaps the explanation of Elgar's genius is, in the last resort, the very fact that he does not resist his inspiration. If he weighed all his ideas in the balance of discrimination, he might find some of them wanting. But he does not weigh; he trusts his creative instinct. Whether he is right in doing so is a question that must be reserved for a second article.

(To be concluded in the issue of December 14)

How the Mind Works—VI

How Shall We Cope with the Difficult Child?

A Discussion between the Hon. Medical Director of the East London Child Guidance Clinic and the Medical Director of the London Child Guidance Clinic

X: To me the really important fact about child psychology is that there is a real personal factor involved in the child's disorders, whatever these may be. What I mean is that, although the troubles that the child may be suffering from are undoubtedly caused or connected with the happenings in its surroundings—its home life and so forth—I cannot help feeling from my experience that a child's response to these happenings is not always as simple as, for example, the flick of an eyelid to a piece of dust in the eye. It seems to me to be rather the way in which the child looks upon or interprets the people in its life and the way it meets the happenings that go on round about it. I gather, Dr. Y., that you do not altogether agree with me?

Y: I do agree up to a point, Dr. X., but I do feel that in real life one comes across situations where a child who is really to all intents and purposes perfectly normal behaves in a very unusual way because its surroundings somehow drive it to do so. This does not happen in the case of adults, because they have, through their longer experience of life, developed a much greater appreciation of how they should behave and a greater control than the child, and therefore a difficulty which an adult might meet calmly would disturb the child's behaviour very much more.

X: What I understand, then, from your point of view, is that by the time a child has grown to adult life it has developed a growing appreciation of the meaning of conduct and the sort of things that are expected of it, whereas the child has not got that equipment, and in consequence its actions are to some extent more direct responses or replies to what has been happening to it in regard to its surroundings. You mean that grown up people, because of their wider experience of life, can cope with difficulties, such as an angry father: they know that because their father is bad-tempered they need not necessarily become deeply disturbed by it. A child has not got a mature experience of life, and the only way in which it can deal with one of these difficulties is in a much more primitive, instinctive or almost savage way. What I should say to that is that you are comparing the normal adult, who has power of choosing the right way, with a child who replies to difficulties with a much more simple equipment, but if we were to compare a difficult adult with a difficult child—and that is what we have to bear in mind—we come to the conclusion that the same methods are used by the difficult adult as are used by the difficult child in overcoming some stresses, and

that these stresses need not be personal ones at all, which a normal person would, as you say, overcome by choosing the easiest way out of the difficulty.

Y: I feel that you have raised in another way the very point I was trying to bring out, that extreme disturbances of behaviour in a child do not necessarily mean that there is something seriously wrong with the child's mental workings, or that he is unstable or likely to develop into a neurotic adult. Disturbances of behaviour in a child may occur without indicating anything seriously the matter with his personality, and moreover the stress necessary to produce these disturbances is much less than is required to produce the same disturbances in the adult.

X: Yes, I am quite prepared to concede that point, but what I wish to bring out is this, that if you go far enough back in the life of the child, one would agree absolutely with your point of view, which is that the further back you go the more and more obviously are the child's reactions the product of environment. But the child is already pretty complicated, even by the time it is five or six years old. It has already, as it were, got into itself all sorts of notions about grown-up people and its surroundings, but so far as the emotions are concerned, they are very often as strong and conflicting at the age of six as they are at the age of twenty.

Y: Yes, I agree; but, after all, how do we know that this attitude which a child develops early towards, say, its parents, may not later disappear or at least change? After all, we adults do not crawl about on all fours, although when we were children that was at one time our normal method of progression, and it seems to me possible that these early emotional attitudes, which, of course, I agree exist, get overgrown and modified in the normal course of development, and as the child gains experience and interprets its environment in different ways, so he forgets what he thought earlier.

X: I agree that as a child grows it matures and alters in emotional interest. But sometimes its needs are not satisfied; old scores are not all paid off. You have used the word forget; a great deal hangs upon that word. What do we mean by forget? Does forgetting really mean that something, a happening, has become completely lost to the child, and that it goes on to a new world and a new set of interests? I think facts prove that forgetting is not quite as simple as all that. Forgetting frequently means putting aside in order to be able to face new things

without a handicap. But we do know when we study grown-up people who are both normal as well as abnormal, that some of these past things which we believe we have forgotten are influencing our character and our behaviour in very subtle ways. One must assume, I feel, that these memories are influencing the mind, deep down, as it were, and that happens as much in the child as it does in the grown-up.

Y: You would believe, for example, that even though I now have what might be called an ordinary, natural attitude towards my parents, that does not mean that there might not still be in my mind some childish feelings which influence my thoughts and behaviour at the moment.

X: Yes; I heard of a case not long ago which I think might illustrate that point. The advantage of this case is that it happens to be a grown-up person whose history in childhood was rather interesting. She came for treatment because of a state of depression that followed the loss of her first-born child, and to all intents and purposes it might be said that this present illness is the result of her very unfortunate loss. When one goes into the whole of the story one finds that this young woman, who is only twenty-four, was ill with a nervous illness a year before she got married, and that even further back she replied, as it were, to stresses in her life in a very peculiar way. When she was about four months old, owing to the fact that her mother was very ill, she was taken away by her grandparents, and lived with them until she was ten. During the period when she was with her grandparents she had a comparatively good time. She was all alone, the only child and rather spoilt. Then her parents decided to have her back again, and when she came back to this world of her family she found an elder sister, a younger sister and a brother. She found that she could not get on with her sisters at all. She found that she could not get on with her father. She said that her father seemed to dislike her. She had an idea that he wanted her to be a boy; he seemed disappointed that he had not had a boy earlier. He gave her tasks to do which she felt only a boy ought to do. By the time she reached the age of fourteen she would have given anything for an opportunity to run away from home, and on one occasion she actually did, and then she tells me that between the age of fourteen and twenty her home life, to use her own language, was hell. She had a series of illnesses which nobody could understand. One can admit that any girl would experience a great deal of grief at the loss of her first-born, but many women go through the same sort of trouble and get over it in a short time, and anticipate another child. She says she does not want to have another one. She has lost everything she cares for. She wakes up at night and cannot breathe, and she feels she is going to die and that life gives her nothing. Don't you feel that from very early years this patient's attitude was complicated, to say the least? It is already assuming an attitude towards her surroundings which has to be accounted for not only on the grounds that she has now had a series of difficulties, that she had not liked the change in her childhood from the easy life with her grandparents to the hard life with her sisters. Her sisters are perfectly normal. But why should she take it to heart so much? To cut a long story short, it was not circumstances alone which made this girl at twenty-four what she was, but her way of judging them, based upon her past experiences in childhood.

Y: I think that your case is certainly very interesting, but, on the other hand, you are just giving another example of the kind of thing that I was emphasising. This patient of yours has broken down, as you say, under comparatively ordinary conditions, and so I think you are possibly right in considering that there is something essentially unstable about her. But I should like to have seen her when she went home. I should very much have liked to watch her behaviour and her attitude towards the other members of the family—how she got on with her school work. You see, I think the seeds of the trouble were probably sown then, and I am not so sure that if she had been handled rather differently at that time her present trouble would not have cropped up. But leading from that we can again enforce one of my earlier points—that the normal child may show very peculiar behaviour, and if the present cause for this is discovered it may develop into a normal adult. On the other hand, I would concede that the adult who breaks down under an ordinary stress has probably some personal way of looking at things which has been implanted in him from very early years.

X: What you are saying, in other words, is that if the circumstances had been all right in childhood, this trouble of hers would not have arisen. Yes, I agree that had we started with this young woman at a very early age and made conditions favourable to normal development, there is every reason to suppose that she would not be a patient to-day. But might I ask at what particular point would you have looked for difficulties in the life of this person when she was a child? During the period when she was with her grandparents she was apparently perfectly normal. Who was to go in to the grandparents and say: 'You are not preparing this child for adult life', when she was to all intents and purposes quite normal? But in that child's mind was already being cultivated an attitude of what we psychologists call self-sufficiency. By that I mean that she had an easy-going

time and was not prepared to face emotional problems like a grown-up because she was tied to childish ideas.

Y: You have just touched on a point that seems to me most important, that is the recognition of the beginnings of such troubles as your patient has had. I do not mean that we should adopt an exaggerated consciousness of difficulties in children's behaviour, but the understanding person will see the importance of such things as slight failure in school, or timidity, or attacks of temper, which we are apt to consider as normal because they are often normal. The kind of thing I mean is constantly cropping up, in different forms, of course. The other day I was asked about a girl of eleven who had suddenly become shy and retiring and anxious and depressed. There seemed nothing at all to account for this, but on going into details I found that she was said to be lazy in school. The rest of the family were not exceptionally bright and her parents thought that she was just ordinary, like the others, and were rather glad of it. However, investigation showed that she actually was extremely bright, but that owing to absence from school with an attack of measles when fractions had been taught, she had fallen behind, and her failure in school was very annoying to one of her intelligence. Her teacher knew that she was intelligent and thought she was just lazy, and so the difficulty started, and the child became more and more tied up and more and more worried. Things went from bad to worse until she was given some special coaching. As soon as she regained her proper place in school her troubles disappeared completely.

X: That case of yours certainly brings into relief the importance of environmental factors, or shall we say outside influences, in the life of a child. But surely you will agree that the majority of children have had measles and have been kept away from school, during which time they have missed certain lessons. The vast majority get over this phase, go back to school, and if they are intelligent, they are usually able to make up for lost time. It strongly suggests to my mind that there is something in the mind of that child that prepared her for that type of difficulty. The average child does not fall into a state of depression or shyness over a difficulty which enters into the life of ninety per cent. of children some time or other in their school career.

Y: But surely you would do something to tackle or correct the child's difficulty in school?

X: I agree that something might be done there, and probably will be done, to alter the teacher's attitude towards the child, to encourage the child to face its difficulties with greater ease; but your attitude towards that child in encouraging it will be tempered by a knowledge that it is a child with a special form of equipment, and that seems to be an admission that one has to deal with these cases, not only by manipulating the environment, as you would say, but by approaching the child from a very personal angle.

Y: After all, what it comes to is this: that we both believe—and I think it is the only logical conclusion—that there are always two threads interwoven, the person and his surroundings. The only difference between us would seem to me to be that you lay more stress on the individual than on his surroundings, and I take the opposite view and lay more stress on his surroundings than on the individual.

X: Yes, I agree. And I think we can come even closer together when we realise that in handling any difficult child we do certainly think of the child and its problems, and then, as occasion demands, trace the environmental difficulties when we find them, and deal with the personal problems when we find these. In all child problems there is a lot of winnowing to be done. You must separate what is due to environment and what is due to the child's personality. Actually that is the sort of work that we are doing at the Clinic.

Y: Yes, I know. But don't you find it very difficult to discover what is really in the child's mind and how its thoughts run? Especially without making it think too much about its thoughts? I get my information about it indirectly. I try to find out from parents and brothers and sisters and teachers and any other responsible adult who may know the child well, just how it behaves. Then from their descriptions I work out my own opinion of what is going on in its mind.

X: Yes, I admit it is confoundingly difficult, and one must step very warily. For instance, we cannot sit down with a child and apply theories to its behaviour and tell the child what the meaning of its thoughts are. I find studying a child's play very useful. Children express themselves in play and very often show what is really and truly in their minds. Through watching play you try to find out the child's mind and then, but only then, is it possible to be fairly sure how the child's surroundings have been affecting it. You see my point—I like to have a pretty clear idea of the individual child's mind before I tackle its environment.

Y: Yes, your method of observation through play is one that interests me, too, and there again we come together. After all, the thing is that before we can help children we must know all we possibly can about their lives and how they live them.

X: Yes, that is perfectly true, and in the work we are doing every bit of information is of value.

The Doctor and the Public—VI

The Management of Middle Age

By A PHYSICIAN

WE all speak glibly of middle age, but we seldom stop to consider exactly what is included in this term. Some people make a jest of middle age; others make it an excuse; while still others regard it lugubriously as signifying the end of enjoyment. In a play produced not many years ago, the heroine sent for her doctor, and after he had listened to her symptoms, he informed her that she was suffering from middle age, and asked her whether she did not notice that the policemen in the streets looked very young to her nowadays. On her replying that this was so, the doctor said 'That is a sure sign of middle age'. It often strikes me how young the London police look, but this is only because I, personally, live in London. No other reason.

As Old as Your Arteries

If you asked me to describe in one sentence the bodily changes which accompany middle age, I should say 'loss of elasticity'. In the human body you find the best example of elasticity in the arteries. Probably we all visualise the arteries as tubes of various sizes through which the blood circulates to reach the distant parts of the body. The arteries lead from the heart, of course, and the nearer to the heart the larger the artery. As they reach the more distant parts of the body their size becomes smaller until they finish in a network of tiny vessels. In their healthy state, arteries contain tissue which is elastic, and this enables them to expand as the column of blood surges through them, and contract when it has passed. In old age and in many diseases found in people of advanced years, this elastic character is lost, and the vessels tend to become rigid tubes. Changes similar to this take place in other organs. In general it would be true to say that as life advances there is a tendency for all the organs of the body to lose their normal structure and to have this replaced to a large extent by tissue of the nature of gristle.

But in no part of the system is this loss of elasticity more marked than in the heart and blood-vessels. We are all familiar, no doubt, with the simile that the heart is like a pump and pumps the fluid—that is to say the blood—through the pipes—in other words the arteries—and that the blood returns to the heart through the veins. Muscular exercise necessitates a quicker passage of the blood through the body, and this is only possible by virtue of the structure of the heart and blood-vessels. They have to adapt themselves to the increased demand, and their power of adjustment depends upon the elasticity of the blood-vessels. It has been said that a man is as old as his arteries, and a woman as she looks. It would be truer to say that both are as old as their blood-vessels, but I suppose this epigram was manufactured in the happy days of long ago when women sat at home and made no demands upon their arteries. So if you want to live to a happy middle age, aim at keeping elasticity in your blood-vessels for as long as you can.

Changes in the Organs of the Body

Consider, too, some of the changes which occur in other of the main organs of the body as life goes on. Take the eye. The lens, which is one of the most important parts of the eye, begins to degenerate, however mildly, from the age of twenty-one onwards. Of course, you have heard of a disease of the eye known as cataract. This consists of a degeneration of the lens of the eye. It becomes opaque, so that it is no longer possible for its owner to see through it. Now there are several diseases which produce cataract: sometimes in an illness not apparently connected with the eye, the lens is apt to suffer and to be the seat of a cataract even in middle age. But here is the point I want to make—there is one variety known as senile cataract.

Similar processes of degeneration occur in the liver and kidneys as life advances. It is not possible to enter into details here as to the functions of these important organs. But, as you know, the liver is concerned with the digestion of food, and the kidneys with the passage out of the body of the waste products. If either of these organs undergoes degeneration, that is to say, if their normal structure is replaced by gristle, they fail either to a small or a large extent, according to the degree of damage, in their work. Here, again, they have lost their elasticity.

I almost hesitate to mention such an everyday disability as rheumatism, because it must be obvious to everyone that the joints and muscles are supple in youth, less so in middle age, and stiff and painful in old age. And yet, this is one of the best examples of a loss of elasticity. The joints, in normal health, are oiled by a fluid which makes them work like a well-greased pair of hinges. As life advances, the linings and tissues round the joints become thickened and in consequence they lose their suppleness and become stiff. It is, of course, sometimes a difficult

matter to say where the changes of advancing years are normal and where they are so serious, or premature, as to constitute an illness. The rheumatism so familiar in everyday life is essentially a disease of middle life. I am not talking of rheumatic fever, but of muscular and joint stiffness which are generally lumped together under the name of rheumatism. How few people appear to be entirely free from some of these symptoms, once they have reached the difficult period of middle life!

Lumbago and sciatica are examples of different forms of rheumatism affecting, in these cases, the big muscles of the back, and the large nerve which runs down the thigh. I suppose many of us suffer from periodical rheumatism, taking the form, for example, of a stiff neck. It is true that the actual exciting cause is a draught or a chill or getting wet, but many of us are often exposed to such conditions without necessarily developing rheumatism. This means, of course, that there are other causes in the system which lead to the actual attack of lumbago, sciatica, or stiff neck. Now in almost all these instances the cause is to be found in some changes in the structure of the organs affected.

Wearing Out at a Uniform Rate

All the many changes I have described have a common basis, that is to say, a change in the structure which means a loss of elasticity. How, then, are we to postpone such change? It seems to me that all the organs of the body should wear out at an equal pace, so that death, when it comes, should be the result of a general worn-out state, rather than a disease of one organ so upsetting the others that they can no longer carry on. This, then, is the ideal to aim at, namely, to let no one organ get damaged. If we wish to avoid undue wear and tear on our organs we must take care to avoid any act—whether of omission or commission—which will damage our bodies. First and foremost we must pay attention to the blood, because the blood is the vehicle which carries all kinds of communications—good and bad—to all parts of the body. But more about the blood later.

I want now to end on one suggestion. Remember that the aim and object is to keep supple in mind and body. Elasticity is often lost by poisoning. To take an example. It is known to everybody, I suppose, that excess of alcohol, more particularly spirits, is apt to harden the organs, producing gristle or fibrous tissue in place of the normal tissue. In other words, the organs are being poisoned by the irritation of this excess of alcohol. Many other poisons irritate the organs and produce a similar change. When this happens in the liver it causes a disease known as cirrhosis, or in the kidney changes which constitute Bright's disease. So you must take steps to avoid any form of poisoning if you want to keep the gift of youth as long as possible. The poison may come from within you, possibly from some germs. The best known example of this is, perhaps, found in the teeth. If these get poisoned by such a disease as pyorrhea, you swallow infected matter manufactured in the gums. Although the poison has come from within you, yet it is known in time to produce the changes I have described above. So pay regular visits to your dentist. In the same way bacterial activity in the bowels will lead in time to various disorders like rheumatism, kidney disease, and so on. What can we do in order to avoid poisoning from within? First of all—and this is very important—avoid constipation. See that your bowels act at least once daily. If you cannot achieve this, consult your doctor. Do not rush to much-advertised aperients. The aim should be to re-educate the intestines, not to irritate them at intervals with drugs.

London's history is a subject wide enough to inspire innumerable volumes; and it is only fitting that the Boys' and Girls' Book Week should see the publication of at least one book upon it from the children's point of view. *The Children's London*, by F. H. Lee (Harrap, 2s.), shows us the city through the eyes of a benevolent uncle and his small niece and nephew; with them we ramble through Cripplegate and Dowgate, visit the Tower and Westminster Abbey, take a trip down the river, watch London's post being sorted at the General Post Office, and make a tour of Broadcasting House. But although it is written, apparently, for children, the people most likely to appreciate this book will probably be the parents, teachers and guardians of the young discoverers. The Sandford-and-Merton-ish style of incessant question and answer is too consciously instructive to make amusing reading; but it affords an excellent skeleton which father or uncle, thus well primed, can clothe according to his fancy and experience. The book is, moreover, exceptionally well illustrated with photographs, sketches and reprints of old engravings.

Out of Doors

Farmers and the Wheat Act

By the Rt. Hon. EARL PEEL

Lord Peel is the Chairman of the Commission, which has been in operation since June 1, for the administration of the Wheat Act

EVERYBODY knows that agriculture in this country is a depressed industry. The world price of wheat is so low that it is hardly possible anywhere in this country to cultivate it at a profit. The acreage of our fields under wheat has shrunk from two millions in 1922 to thirteen hundred thousand in 1932. It has often been said that agriculture is not one business but many. The Wheat Act attacks one side of the problem, and it is designed to secure a fair price, and no more than a fair price, to the farmer for his wheat. The Act does not interfere with a free market for wheat; a farmer can sell as he likes and where he likes in order to secure the best price.

The Wheat Act is not administered by the Ministry of Agriculture, but by the Wheat Commission. This body does not, like many commissions, examine and report upon a subject; it has to carry into effect the provisions of the Wheat Act. It has offices and staff of its own at Westminster House, Smith Square, London. For some purposes it is under the control of the Minister of Agriculture; in some cases the Minister asks its advice, but, generally speaking, it acts independently. The Commission consists of seventeen persons, as well as a Chairman and Vice-Chairman, and is representative of millers, farmers, bakers and consumers. It has been in business since June 1; it has had to construct the whole machine for working the Act; it has had to appoint nearly two thousand merchants who will issue wheat certificates to farmers, and to set up fifty-four local committees to hear appeals from farmers. It has granted exemption to eighteen hundred provender millers, who are not liable to make quota payments. It has registered eighty-four thousand wheat growers; it collects the quota payments from about five hundred millers and flour importers, and is responsible for distributing the money so collected to the farmers. The costs of administration are estimated to be about one per cent. of its income, or less than threepence per quarter of wheat.

The Act secures to the farmers what is called the standard price of forty-five shillings per quarter of five hundred and four pounds. The average price of wheat for the year is deducted from the forty-five shillings, and the difference, called the deficiency payment, is payable to the grower for each quarter of wheat sold and delivered. Some farmers have made a mistake at this point. They have thought that the deficiency payment is the difference between the price at which they sell their wheat and forty-five shillings. But if a man sells his wheat for twenty-four shillings, he will not get twenty-one shillings, but twenty shillings, or whatever the deficiency payment may be; or if he sells his wheat for thirty shillings, he will not receive fifteen shillings per quarter, but again twenty shillings, or the ascertained deficiency payment.

How then does the Commission obtain its income? It levies money from the millers on every sack of flour they sell, and on every sack of imported flour. This money is paid into the Wheat Fund Account in the Bank of England. It is not easy to fix the exact amount to be paid per sack. We have to estimate the average market price of British wheat for the year. Clearly we cannot know the exact price until the end of the cereal year. We have also to estimate the supply of flour, that is to say, the number of sacks that will be milled or imported and delivered during the year. We must also form an idea of the supply of wheat during the year. Here we are on surer ground, because at a certain date the Minister of Agriculture fixes a figure which is called the anticipated supply. From these data we must calculate the quota payment to be made per sack, and, as the year proceeds, we may have to vary the amount. The money then is being collected; but how does it enter the farmers' pockets? First of all, every grower of wheat must register. Eighty-four thousand are already entered on our lists. England and Scotland are well up to date, but there are a few laggards still in Wales and Ulster. Here the merchants can give us much help; they can impress upon growers that they cannot get their certificates or payments until they have registered. In order to secure the payment, the grower must sell and deliver his wheat. He must then obtain from an authorised merchant a wheat certificate stating that the wheat was grown on the farm; that it was sold as stated, and that it was of millable quality. A farmer who has received his wheat certificate must enter on the back his claim for payment, must give his registered number, and post the certificate to the Wheat Commission. He should also keep an account of all his purchases and sales of wheat during the year. We know that over two thousand farmers have not sent in certificates that have been issued to them; they are not entitled to payment until those certificates are delivered to the Commission. In order to save trouble, the farmers might ask their authorised merchant to send in the certificate on

their behalf, at the same time as he posts his own. This would save the time of the Commission and reduce expenses.

The payment is made, not on all wheat, but on millable wheat. Millable wheat does not mean, however, only wheat that is sold to a miller. The Minister has defined the term 'millable wheat', but has only put into words what is well known to every competent person in the trade. I would urge all farmers to see that their wheat is as clean and free from impurities as possible; they should remember that before the sale of their wheat they can obtain a permit from the Commission to remove it from the farm in order that it may be cleaned or conditioned. Then the merchant will have no difficulty in certifying that their wheat is millable. One damp bag in a big bulk of wheat can do much damage. Authorised merchants are persons appointed by the Commission in all parts of the country. Their duty is to issue the wheat certificates; they act as judges of what wheat is millable and of what is not. If the grower is not satisfied with the decision of one of these gentlemen, he has a right of appeal to the local wheat committee, whose decision is final. On these merchants is laid a very responsible task. I do not doubt that by their impartial decisions they will win the confidence of wheat growers and the public.

We are asking the farmers to comply with a few rules in order that wheat certificates may be issued in a proper manner. We hate red tape just as much as they do, but we wish to make certain that every bushel of wheat that is entitled to the deficiency payment shall get the payment; equally that not a single bushel shall get the payment unless it is justly entitled. For this reason an authorised merchant is not permitted to inspect wheat and issue a certificate so long as the wheat remains on the grower's farm. If a farmer desires to re-purchase for seed wheat he has sold, the wheat must first remain for three clear days in the merchant's warehouse or in a public warehouse. These conditions are made in the interests of the farmers themselves; they are necessary to make the Act workable.

If a grower can get forty-five shillings for his wheat, will not everybody want to grow wheat; and will it not follow that the quota payments may become very heavy? This danger has, of course, been foreseen. The Act does not guarantee the standard price for more than six million quarters. If, say, seven million quarters of wheat are grown in any year, the money collected from millers would not increase, but would be distributed over a larger number of quarters; thus each quarter would get a smaller deficiency payment. After a certain point, therefore, the larger the number of quarters, the smaller becomes the incentive to grow wheat. This check to cultivation is of value to the consumer. His interests also are not forgotten. Many will say: We wish to assist the farmer and we would like to see more wheat grown in this country, but we do not wish to pay more for our bread. To the consumers I would say: You are now getting the cheapest and the best loaf in the world; the only rival may be Belgium. The world sends its wheat to our mills at very low prices. A pound of wheat costs about three-fifths of a penny. These low prices have proved the ruin of our splendid wheat lands. By these payments we are giving to the wheat farmers a chance of recovery, but no more than a fair chance. Of course, if the world price rises, the lower will be the quota payment, because the difference between the average price and the standard price will grow less and less. At present the quota payment on a sack of two hundred and eighty pounds of flour is two shillings and threepence. Two hundred and eighty pounds of flour will make about three hundred and seventy-six pounds of bread. It is hard to see how, throughout the year, such a payment can make an appreciable difference to the price of the loaf. The consumers, therefore, will enjoy the pleasant sensation that they have been generous without danger to their own pockets. The Commission has the right to make a payment to the farmers in advance, and we have decided to exercise this power. We do not want the farmers to wait until August or September of next year, when we shall know the exact amount of the payments to be made. We hope, therefore, to make an advance on account not later than the end of this year.

I am happy to say that the Act has been working very smoothly. That is largely due to the splendid assistance and co-operation we have received from all the parties concerned—growers, merchants and millers. They have done their best in every way to make the Act a success. The Act is in the nature of an experiment. When the time comes to review its operations, public opinion will be greatly influenced by the knowledge that all sections of the industry engaged in the growing or marketing of wheat have worked together so loyally for the benefit of agriculture.

Winter Flowers for the Outdoor Garden

By BEVERLEY NICHOLS

LAST winter—on January 15 to be precise—I brought back to London from the country a large hamper of flowers which I had picked in the open air a few days after a very severe frost. I will describe the flowers that were in that hamper, and then I will tell you what they were called. There was an enormous bunch of bright golden flowers

many hours in the forthcoming months standing over blank bushes with chattering teeth, cursing them and me. It is not till the third year that you will really reap your reward. The second thing which you must remember is that it likes a quite coarse soil, and that it must be well drained. A very simple and valuable hint for its cultivation is to sprinkle a little gravel round the roots, and press it into the soil. The third thing to remember is that when the flowering season is over, you must cut down the long leaves as close to the ground as possible.

There are two other points which I might mention with regard to the actual picking of the flower. One is that you should always pick it while it is still in bud. When you bring it into the house it will expand in a few hours, so quickly, in fact, that you can almost see the lovely petals unfolding as though they were offering you thanks for their shelter. The second point about these flowers, when they are cut, is that you should keep them in as cool a temperature as possible. If you put them near a fire they will droop. If, however, you put them in the hall, which, if it is like most English halls, will be much colder than out of doors, they will last for a good week, and will cause very gratifying expressions of envy, hatred and malice to appear on the faces of your greatest gardening friends.

The third bunch which came out of the hamper I described as a feathery, yellow flower which looks like an orchid, and this flower is nothing more nor less than the ordinary witch hazel. The proper variety to get is *hamamelis mollis*. But I think the name witch hazel is much prettier. I have often thought how sad it is that women do not know more about this entrancing flower. Every night of their lives they grimly smear their faces with great dabs

of cold cream, which is largely made of extract of witch hazel; to them it is just cold cream. It always makes me think of the first time when I found my witch hazel in flower in my own garden. It was a bitterly cold afternoon in late January. I had just come up from London, and the first thing I went to see was the witch hazel. And there, in the bleak twilight, unsheltered and unafraid, I found that my witch hazel had broken into a spray of trembling golden stars. It was as comforting as



A fine clump of *iris stylosa*

that looked exactly like buttercups. There was a sheaf of irises of the palest shade of blue. There was a big bunch of feathery yellow flowers that looked like orchids. There was a bunch of pale mauve flowers that smelt like apple pie, and another bunch of pale yellow flowers that smelt of lemons. There were some sprays that reminded one of lilies-of-the-valley, several sprigs of bright rosy heather, and a bunch of mixed crocuses. All these were picked in a comparatively unsheltered garden on January 15. The effect of them was dazzling and intoxicating. You can have the same flowers if you want them, so let us now give them their proper names.

The big bunch of buttercups was, of course, the winter aconite. It is bright gold, and it looks exactly like a large buttercup, except that it has a green ruff round its neck. Of all the winter flowers I know, none is braver nor most trustworthy than the winter aconite. You simply cannot keep it down. I believe that if you asked it, it would come up on an iceberg. In fact, in my garden it almost did, because once I planted some aconites under a tree and very shortly afterwards the ground was flooded. Then a frost came along, and the ice remained under the tree for weeks. And in spite of this the aconites came up and actually had the impudence to flower under the ice. They looked like some very lovely little Victorian posy, and if I had been able to hang a medal round their necks I should have done so. Please do buy some of these entrancing flowers. You can get the tubers for about 40s. a thousand, and it is not too late to put them in.

The next item which I mentioned in my hamper was the bunch of irises. Any good gardener will know at once that I was referring to the *iris stylosa*. But I think that even some good gardeners are inclined to neglect this flower. Apart from the extraordinary precocity of its flowering period, it is, in itself, so beautiful that we should welcome it even if it made its appearance in all the brilliant carnival of June. Its colour is almost dazzling, and towards the centre it deepens to the sort of blue that you find only in old church windows. However, there are several things which you ought to know about it if you wish to grow it with success. The first thing to remember is that you will get no flowers during its first year, and very few during the second. If you do not remember this, you will waste a great



Daphne Mezereum

the glow of a lighted window in some desolate landscape. Therefore, if you want to share that emotion, please order a few witch hazels this season, even if you have to deny yourself some other pleasure, and even if you have to smear your face with dripping instead of cold cream. You can buy good, sturdy plants of witch hazel for 7s. 6d., and if you can afford two or three please get them, because they seem to like company.

Now let us look at the next item which was contained in my hamper. I described it as a bunch of pale mauve flowers that

smelt like apple pie. And the name of its is *petasites fragrans*, or to give it its prettier English name, winter heliotrope. The winter heliotrope is a sort of colt's foot, and very superior persons pretend to despise it. They say that it is dingy in colour—an observation which goes to prove that they are dingy in colour themselves. These critics also complain that it has a bad habit of spreading, and that once you get it in a garden nothing on earth will ever get it out again. I cannot imagine any sane man wishing to get it out. Even if the flower is not as beautiful as some of its sisters, the scent alone is enough to make us treasure it. Any good nurseryman will supply you with the winter heliotrope. It can be planted now, and it is so hardy and so careless of its own comfort that you can go and roll on it if you want to, without affecting its sweet disposition.

I shall have to be rather terse and to the point about the next flowers I mention. One of the items in the basket was the *chimonanthus fragrans*. Forget that name for the moment, and try to remember only its very lovely English name of winter sweet. I have to preface my recommendation of this flower with a slight qualification. Winter sweet does not like everybody. Some people invite it to their gardens, put it in the best possible surroundings, deluge it with liquid manure, and pay it every sort of compliment. And all it does is to put out its tongue at them, in the shape of twigs which every winter are barer and browner. However, winter sweet seems to like me very much. I have given it a sheltered position against a wall, and it does not put out its tongue at me; instead, it waves its long, thin fingers at me every winter, and they are jewelled with tiny rings of blossom which have a heart of pale rose. And yet, as I said, it is a fickle plant, and I can only recommend it as a gamble.

I described the next flower which came out of my hamper as reminding me of lilies-of-the-valley. And it will remind you of lilies-of-the-valley, too, because no flower that even grows in the spring has a sweeter fragrance. Its name is *berberis bealii*, it is an extremely hardy flower, and you can order it with the utmost confidence that it will have begun to flower for you before January is over. However, there is one very important point to remember about this berberis, which is, that it likes to be planted in the shade. If you plant it in full sunlight, the flowers are apt to get brown and rusty-looking when the sun shines on them after a frost. This tip, by the way, applies to a good many winter flowers, because, strangely enough, their greatest enemy is not frost, but the sunlight that follows the frost.

However, you can plant the next flower which I mentioned as coming out of my hamper—that is, the winter heather—either in the shade or in the sunlight, provided that you put it in a soil which is not too heavy. There is one winter heather which surpasses all the others for brilliance of colour and bravery of spirit, and that is the *erica carnea*. Any gardener who does not possess a few specimens of this plant is missing one of the most delightful treats which the garden has to afford. Already at this time of the year this heather is dropping hints of what it intends to do during the cold months that are ahead. At the moment, all its little buds are greeny white, but towards the beginning of next month there will be an authentic tinge of pink in them. This tinge deepens quickly until at last, soon after Christmas, the bells flush to a lovely rose colour and this colour is maintained till spring is well on its way. However unsheltered and unfriendly the district in which you live, this heather will not fail to brighten your garden in even the hardest winter.

The last thing which came out of my hamper was a bunch of mixed crocuses. Most people regard the crocus exclusively as a spring flower. If you are prepared to spend a little more than usual on the bulbs, there are several crocuses which you can have in flower with absolute certainty in the depths of winter. I have not time to give you all their names, but I would suggest that you made your first experiment with the *crocus tomassianus*. This is a rich lavender in colour and blooms continuously from the end of January to the beginning of March. The only important thing to remember about its cultivation is that it should be planted rather less deeply than the ordinary crocus—in fact, the bulbs should only just be covered.

So much for the hamper. I think that most of you will agree

that it was not a bad basketful to bring up to London in the middle of January. However, there are three other plants which I want also to mention. They are all perfectly hardy, and I can recommend them from personal experience. The first is the *daphne mezereum*. In any ordinary winter you can be sure of having this delicious little shrub in flower long before February is out. It grows about four feet high, and the leafless twigs are covered with masses of pale rose-coloured flowers which smell as sweet as freesias. Only there is one absolutely essential thing to remember about this daphne—and that is that you will never succeed with it unless you see that its roots are in the shade and its head in the sun. If you plant it where the hot rays of the sun can beat on its roots during the summer months, the plant will wilt away and be so discouraged that it will produce no flowers for you in the winter.

The second flower which I wish to mention, apart from those which were included in the hamper, is the *viburnum fragrans*. This is as pretty a viburnum as any which grow in the summer, and it has the additional merit of a very delicate fragrance, as its name implies. Only in this case, you must endeavour to see that its flowers are not exposed to full sunlight, because if they are burnt by the sun after a frost they not only turn brown, but exude a peculiarly pungent and disheartening odour.

Lastly I want to mention a little cyclamen, which I myself have induced to push its head actually through the snow. The

name of it is *cyclamen coum*. I rather hesitate to mention it, because the average nursery-gardener, when you ask him for it, purses his lips and looks out of the corners of his eyes, as though you were suggesting something highly criminal. Or if he does not do that he prevaricates and mutters that owing to the recent troubles in Turkey, or some other international disturbances, his stock of the *cyclamen coum* has been exhausted. Please be very firm with any nursery-gardener who goes on like that. Go on saying *coum, coum* at him. This will distract him so much that he will do as he is told. You will find a great many details about these winter flowers, and many others, together with hints about their habits and their cultivation in my book, *Down the Garden Path*.

I only hope that these flowers will be as nice to you as they have been to me, because then this dark month of November will not seem to be the last

dreary month of autumn. It will seem as though it were the first exciting month of spring.

Storm

Now all the dim, anticipating air
Hangs awed and motionless, while the first flare
Lights the massed fuels of the sky and spreads
In yellow fury over our bowed heads,
Who know not what grave ritual is preparing
Yet know ourselves compelled beyond all caring,
Dumbly participant. Such bravery mounts
Within our blood as springs not from the founts
Of love or hate, but rather from the sure
Allegiances of spirit, strong, proud, pure.
Listen, what voice of thunder now declares
Approaching eucharist? What hand now bares
The sacrificial knife? O blinding-bright
And elemental beauty, how shall our sight
Survive who must behold thee face to face;
Must loosen grip of every mortal grace
We set most store by, touch of hand, of lip,
And even thought's far pinnacle and tip
Of being; naked thus with hill and tree
Giving ourselves unstintedly to thee?

C. HENRY WARREN

The old festivals of Twelfth Night, May Day and Michaelmas have fallen into sad disuse; and who in this day and generation knows the meaning of Martinmas or St. Dystaff's Day? In *High Days and Holidays* (Ernest Benn, 6s.), Eleanor Graham has made a collection of old rhymes and customs all round the calendar, from New Year's Day, celebrated with all its ancient superstitious panoply, through Shrove-tide, Midsummer and Hallowe'en, to the supreme festival of Christmas. The Saints' Days are noted and the legends of their patrons told; and these are interspersed with appropriate stories, both original and extracted from such tried favourites as *What Katy Did*. The result is a volume fascinating enough for any child who loves the festivity of 'high-days'. Parents, too, may find some inspiration here for the enlivening of dull or rainy holidays, for the tales and verses are wide enough in their scope to cover all occasions. Here, indeed, is a Christmas present which is not likely to lose its attraction by the time Twelfth Night is over, but may well remain 'in season' all through the year.

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The Cinema

The Technique Behind Film Success

By CEDRIC BELFRAGE

THERE can be few sensations so disagreeable as those of the skilled craftsman who, after devoting a lifetime to perfecting himself in his particular line of work, is confronted by a mechanical gadget capable of producing the same, or nearly the same, effect with a fraction of the effort. It takes most of a lifetime of hard work for a man or woman to develop a singing voice of the first rank, and as far as personal appearances go, there is no substitute, nor ever can be, for that hard work. But the amazing new art of the recordist—yes, it is coming to be recognised by great singers as an art in itself—has turned everything upside down. The recordist for film soundtrack cannot make a bad singer sound good, but he can make a good singer sound great. Only a great singer, for example, of the calibre of Chaliapine or John McCormack, is capable of maintaining absolute control over the power of his voice on very high or very low notes, but a singer who is something less than great can now, with the aid of the recordist, appear on the screen almost like a Caruso. As long as he has mastered purity of tone, and delivers his songs with a certain amount of natural character and personality, the recordist can do the rest. The converse is also true, that a recordist who is not an artist is able to wreck the work of a great singer and reduce him to the ranks of the merely second-rate, but while this has certainly happened more than once in gramophone-recording, I cannot think of a case of it since sound-on-film recording emerged from its first discordant stage. Chaliapine is now undergoing his baptism of fire in the singing films down on the Riviera, where he is starring in 'Don Quixote' under the direction of our brilliant German friend, G. W. Pabst. In the only film he ever made, John McCormack was not put to any severe test, having only light Irish songs and ballads to sing. Some of you may have heard McCormack at the Albert Hall. Anybody with any knowledge of singing knows what years of gruelling practice and preparation are represented by a performance like this, in which for two hours an audience of ten thousand is held enthralled by a voice that seems to become even stronger and mellower from the first song to the final encore. For two days before his concerts McCormack remains absolutely alone without so much as talking. For him it must be a sad business to sit through a talkie featuring a very good second-rate singer, in which the sheer virtuosity of the performance seems almost identical. The film star sings one song after another—popular ballads, difficult operatic arias—which have doubtless been recorded over a period of many weeks, and perhaps recorded many times over to eliminate every flaw, and to the audience sitting in the cinema there is no substantial difference between the feat of the film and the concert singer. Actually, of course, the two elements of time and the recordist's art make them as different as, say, climbing Snowdon and climbing Mont Blanc.

Making the Good Superlative

Such a film is 'Tell Me To-Night', featuring Jan Kiepura, the Polish singer. None of the foregoing remarks is intended as a slur on Kiepura, who has also shown himself to be capable of fine things in the concert hall. Kiepura is the possessor of an exceptionally good voice, but I believe I am in agreement with the official critical opinion about him when I say that he is not likely ever to enter the ranks of the truly great. This, however, does not concern us now. What does concern us is that in the film 'Tell Me To-Night' we have what seem to me to be all the outward and audible indications of a great singer, and judged on this performance there is no saying how far Kiepura may not go—on the screen, as his and the recordist's art mature together. His rendering of the theme-song of the picture, a mere popular 'vehicle' written to show off his high notes, becomes slightly annoying from over-repetition, but the operatic excerpts towards the end are a thrilling musical treat. Even the not especially musical can enjoy the film, because the songs are so imaginatively and amusingly put over by the director, a young Russian named Anatole Litwak, who has made such an impression with the four films he has directed that already he has been pounced on to go to Hollywood next year. The story of 'Tell Me To-Night' deals with a famous singer who runs away to try to get a peaceful holiday in Switzerland. When he gets there he finds that the mayor insists on arranging his life for him, so he changes identities with a young man he has met on the train, who happens to be a crook. The first outburst of singing, apart from the sporadic reprises of the theme-song, occurs high up in the mountains, where Kiepura meets some gypsies and sings as he plays games with their children. A little later Kiepura, now masquerading as the other man whom he does not know to be a crook, is arrested, and is called upon in the police station to sing and prove that he really is who he says he is. The accompaniment is provided by a dear old lady at a harmonium, and the town choir turns out *en masse* to judge the identity of the arrested man. The frowns on the faces of the

mayor and police chiefs and the sceptical expressions on those of the choir-members, turn into delighted and rapturous smiles as the gorgeous tones of Kiepura's voice pour forth in this odd impromptu concert-hall, the little Swiss police station. Before long the choir is joining in the choruses, and the lady at the harmonium gallantly takes up the role of the feminine 'opposite number' to Kiepura in the opera he is singing. As they all sing, Litwak keeps his camera moving from one beaming face to another, then back to Kiepura, and the general effect of the superb singing, the novelty and informality of the proceedings, and the delicious 'type' faces on the screen, is enough to make any cinema enthusiast fairly purr with delight. I have several times criticised the Gaumont-British Company for its musical comedy talkie mania developed since 'Sunshine Susie', under the spell of which this company has practically eliminated straight drama from its production schedule this season. 'Tell Me To-Night', produced by Gaumont-British in conjunction with a continental concern, is probably the high-water mark of this particular film craze. If all the others could reach as high, criticism would be more or less stifled, but that quite obviously will not happen. I still believe the policy being pursued by this company, the one white hope of British films at the moment, is foolish in the extreme. They are following Hollywood's example by running a success to death, and it will not be long before the public is surfeited and cries out for what must always be the staple entertainment food, straight drama. The British public is entitled to see England and the Empire on the screen, and not merely in light musical whimsies.

Successful Satire and Comedy

I am still waiting to see a British film that is intrinsically British in style, viewpoint, and subject-matter, in the manner, for example, that 'Le Rosier de Madame Husson', which was shown by the Film Society in London on October 30, is intrinsically French. In passing, here is one of the most delightful film satires ever made, and if the censor passes it for public exhibition, which in my opinion he certainly ought to do, you must by all means see it. But, as I say, the improvement in the musical comedy department, wherein our producers are setting themselves to copy the combined technique of René Clair and Lubitsch, has been quite remarkable in recent months. There is an example of this improvement now at the New Gallery cinema in London, in the shape of a film called 'There Goes the Bride'. This was directed by Albert de Courville, the former producer of revues at the London Hippodrome, whose adventures into the film medium have hitherto been somewhat unfortunate. It shows what a lot he has been able to learn by studying the best work in this style of the Paris, Berlin and Hollywood studios. He has got from Jessie Matthews a performance that has justly earned her a lucrative long-term contract, for it is as far as I can recall the first performance by a British girl in a British musical talkie that has the lightness, vivacity and spontaneity that such films call for. The plot simply consists of a romance between a rich young man, played in conventional style by Owen Nares, and a runaway bride whom he at first takes to be a crook. The scenarist has not been able to work enough incident into this plot to save it from being called over-flimsy, but what there is of it is handled in a genuinely amusing and quite sophisticated way.

A Field for Newcomers

A word must be added about the photography of 'There Goes the Bride'. The man in charge of the camera was the German Mutz Greenbaum, easily the best photographer we have working in this country, and if you see the film I suggest that you pay special attention to his work. In a production of this kind, dependent on charm rather than on dramatic quality, the photography is more than usually important, and you will notice what a tremendous lot the film gains from having been photographed by a man who properly understands pictorial composition and the gradations of light and shade. It is an unusual thing to be able to say quite honestly that British films in the West-end stand up technically side by side with American and other foreign work, but this is actually the case this week. The fact that neither 'There Goes the Bride' nor 'Tell Me To-Night' was photographed by an Englishman need not worry us—on the contrary, we should congratulate our producers on ignoring national boundaries in trying to get the best results that can be got. Hollywood has been built up on an international basis, and several of its most expert camera-men and other technicians are English. So far as I know there is only one English camera-man working in this country who comes up to international first-rank standard. This is one field of the film industry in which there seems to me to be plenty of scope for newcomers, and for those at the top like Mutz Greenbaum it is extremely lucrative.

The Tenth Anniversary of the Fascist Regime

By SIR RENNELL RODD

THE tenth anniversary of the Fascist regime cannot be allowed to pass without a word of notice in this country, which has a long and unbroken tradition of friendship with the people of Italy, a cordiality unaffected by distance and obvious differences of temperament and social evolution. Never on any essential issue, since Italy became a united kingdom, has there been any real divergence of outlook, such as has often divided the Powers. This traditional policy has been continued and even emphasised by that remarkable man who presides over the destinies of what is practically, like our own, an island State. In an early stage of his political career he had, when the war broke out, unhesitatingly pronounced the cause of the Allies to be the cause of democracy against reaction, and, separating himself from his former neutralist associates, he flung himself with ardour into the struggle for intervention, first as a militant journalist and then as a soldier. Experience taught him like a revelation that the preservation of the State was an interest transcending that of the individual. He seized the psychological moment, when the issue for his country lay between anarchy and reconstruction, to rally round him the forces of patriotism and of all who stood for efficiency and ordered reform. And now, triumphing over opposition and bitter criticism, both at home and abroad, he has established a system which the mass of the people of Italy, temperamentally recalcitrant to discipline, have accepted with enthusiasm. He has, even to-day, many critics in this country, who judge from their own point of view and cannot place themselves in the position of one faced with an entirely different proposition. They are apt

to ignore the constructive side of his policy, and have not yet appreciated his theory of the Corporate State, in which many of the ideals of Socialism are combined with the essential dominance of the State in the interest of all classes—whose interests, however, must for their own sake always remain subject to the supreme interest of the State as a whole. And the Corporate State is based on the foundation of the family.

Those who have been privileged to witness the immense advance achieved by Italy during a period when universal economic depression has weighed with exceptional severity on a country with small accumulated wealth, almost destitute of the raw material of industry, cannot fail to be impressed by the results of an inspiration which has induced her people to work together for a common end. The results of the spirit which has stirred the people of Italy to this united effort are manifest in the improvement of public services, in the magnificent new roads, in the betterment of unhealthy and unproductive areas, and not least in the application of more scientific processes to agriculture, which have made a country until recently dependent on imports for more than half of its grain supply, able to satisfy from 75 to 80 per cent. of its requirements; and finally, it is revealed in the reconstruction, with due regard to the preservation of all that is historic, of the venerable capital of United Italy. To the Italian people, therefore, who are celebrating this anniversary, the British people may justifiably express not only their constant good-will, but also their sincere regard for the splendid effort they are making to overcome their difficulties in these anxious times.

The Future of Coal

Back to the Coal Standard. By Captain Bernard Acworth. Eyre and Spottiswoode. 8s. 6d.

IT IS DIFFICULT to make such an apparently dry subject as coal a topic of absorbing interest, but Captain Acworth has achieved this. Not only so, he has put forward a case for the more general utilisation of coal in preference to oil in the production of heat and generation of power in this country, which the advocates of oil will find it hard to answer. The author states the case for consideration clearly and concisely. 'If we disregard', says he, 'the natural resources of water power, in which this country is deficient, and of wind power, which is strangely neglected, the question which the nation must soon decide is this: In future years is oil or coal to be the source from which British industry must derive its power?' He claims that coal, wisely and economically exploited by genuine private enterprise, is not only capable of maintaining all the facilities of transport and manufacture which we now possess, but of immeasurably improving and expanding them.

The work is divided into two parts, the critical, by far the most extensive part of the book, and that devoted to suggested remedies. The criticism of our present motor traffic, of the oil industry, and of the navy, is trenchant, vigorous and mainly fair. His suggested remedies, with the object of securing a return to the use of coal in preference to oil, are stoppage of subsidisation, imposition of necessary restrictions and removal of unjust restrictions. He advocates the retirement of the Government from business and trade, leaving the Electrical Grid, the Anglo-Persian Oilfields, Empire Air Service, the Imperial Chemicals and the Imperial Communications Company 'to stew in their juice', whatever that may mean! He would cause the cost of support of the roads to be borne by the motor traffic, with consequent recovery of the railroads; and the removal of restriction in regard to electric traction and its establishment in our towns to the exclusion of the oil-driven motor 'bus'. He rightly points to the great possibilities of compressed coal gas as a substitute for gas in the liquid form of petrol for use in automobiles. He claims that coal is better and cheaper than oil for use in the navy.

It is interesting to learn that whereas between the years 1910 and 1929 there was expended on roads by local authorities (i.e. out of the public rates) the sum of £644,998,562, the total realised from petrol and vehicle tax amounted to only £164,471,894. But the motor car and motor 'bus, whether we like it or not, have come to stay. It is too late now to impose restrictive measures in regard to them.

The development in the use of oil of late years in sea transport is enormous. According to *Lloyd's Register* the world's tonnage in July, 1931, was divided as follows:

Motor ships ..	9,431,433	} 29,433,740 tons
Oil fired steamers ..	20,002,307	
Coal fired steamers ..	39,289,061	

In his consideration of this branch of the subject, the author, whilst supporting his case with much incontestable fact and

forceable argument, omits the, perhaps, most powerful of all ways of securing a return to coal, namely, the use of higher pressure steam applied to turbine driven vessels.

Best 'Admiralty' coal has a calorific value of from 14,000 to 14,500 British thermal units per pound as against from 19,000 to 19,500 in the case of fuel oil; but the price of the coal is just about half that of the oil. Now, crediting to oil-using ships all the advantages of oil, such as saving in storage, space rapidly in bunkering, saving in labour and flexibility of use, at the price at present ruling it would not only be cheaper to use coal in preference to oil to raise steam for use in turbines, but it would be cheaper to use steam turbines in preference to the internal combustion engine. To do this, however, the steam would have to be used at high pressure (500 to 700 lbs. per square inch) instead of, as at present, at low pressure, and the coal would require to be burned on chain grates under water-tube boilers—or better still, the coal burned in the pulverised form. This statement is warranted by the results that were obtained in the case of the *s.s. George V* and the *s.s. Mercer*.

I feel that, for use in the Royal Navy—in spite of the able and informed reasoning of the author—it may well be that oil is indispensable as a means of motive power, for there are involved questions of paramount importance far out-weighting those of cost, e.g., time, speed and economy of storage space, which are not of so much weight in the case of the mercantile marine.

The author is not so strong on land as he is on sea, and the chapter entitled 'The Oil from Coal Dream' is the weakest in the book. He metes out justice neither to low temperature carbonisation nor to the hydrogenation of coal. Nor is he correctly informed as to what has been and is being accomplished in these directions. The reviewer is old enough to remember the ridicule with which the advent of the by-product recovery oven for the manufacture of coke was greeted. It is now in almost universal application throughout the world.

'Buy British' is the cry of the moment, yet one finds ardent 'Protectionists' acting quite contrary to their profession of faith, using oil for purposes of central heating and in cooking. It is even applied to the heating of our cathedrals, churches and public buildings, and we are hearing of its use being advocated in railway locomotives. Appeals to patriotism are futile when to the consumer it is a question of economy, real or imagined; and the economy is more fanciful than actual, it being in truth more a matter of convenience and cleanliness than of price. The only way to secure a return to the predominance of coal over oil is to convince unbelievers of the financial advantages accruing from the use of coal, by active and positive demonstration to show that coal properly used is still the cheapest fuel for the production of heat and power, and this Captain Acworth's book goes a long way towards doing.

R. A. S. REDMAYNE

Points from Letters

How the Townsman May Help the Farmer

Your correspondent Mr. F. R. Jacks could, to a certain extent, have answered his own question and can always keep himself informed on these matters by listening to the Market Prices for Farmers, which are broadcast twice weekly immediately after the 6 p.m. news, and comparing these prices with those asked by his butcher.

However, here are some concrete facts. A fortnight ago sixteen porkers of level weight and quality were picked out for market; of this batch two slightly below the average weight were kept at home to be killed as a check. In the market the sixteen sold to average 31s. 4d. each—approximately 4d. per lb. of pork—and these particular pigs were top price for their weight that day. The two killed at home were sold to employees on the estate at prices ranging from 8d. to 10d. per lb., according to cuts, and at these prices realised 51s. 1d. each; offals valued at 4s. were not sold, and this sum should be added to the total. Now, no English pork is being sold in shops in this district under 1s. and 1s. 2d. per lb., and there is no waste in a pig. I leave your readers to form their own opinion as to the profit the butcher is making out of pork. Commission and cartage amount to 1s. 6d. per head. For these prices the producer has to breed the pigs, and attend and feed them for four months on food costing about £8 per ton. On the same day twenty-five pigs of an estimated carcass-weight of 200 lbs. were sold to average 61s. each—approximately 3½d. per lb. of pork; in all probability these pigs will be turned into sausages. I ask you, Mr. Editor, how much a pound do you pay for your sausages?

With regard to mutton, at the present time it is any price the butcher cares to give, the farmer being helpless. The prices given in the *Bulletins* all err on the high side. An average price for a sheep of 60 lbs. estimated dressed carcass-weight is 30s., which, by selling the best joints at 1s. per lb., and the rest in proportion, should realise at least 55s.

It must be pointed out that the farmer has no wish that these prices should continue; they are ruinous to him. These facts are given in order to show the very unfair division of profit as between producer and consumer. The townsman may help the farmer by demanding English meat at a reasonable price, thus increasing the demand; and still further by not always demanding the prime cuts. This latter is one of the butcher's best excuses against selling English meat, namely, the difficulty he experiences in getting rid of the second-quality joints. The townsman should learn to discriminate between the various joints; he would thus save his pocket and help both butcher and farmer.

Withyham

F. J. SPENDLOVE

Disarmament

In the article on disarmament by Sir Arthur Salter in *THE LISTENER* of October 26, he says that in the case of the *Covenant* and *Locarno*, the support promised is not only moral but also material. This certainly is perfectly true as regards France, yet there is a certain vagueness in the Treaty, for though Britain and Italy have promised to come to the help of France and Belgium against Germany, or of Germany against France, in the event of aggression, yet Britain and Italy have no similar guarantees. Surely the nations of the Pact should all be treated alike, so that when the time comes for action—and oftentimes action must be prompt—there shall be no vagueness. Should such an occasion arise, which seems extraordinarily unlikely, Britain and Italy would have to rely entirely on the moral support and goodwill of other nations. It is this vagueness which has so often led to wars, even if it did not tend to lead to the Great War which broke like a thunderbolt on the nations of the earth.

Berkhamsted

A. M. SMITH-DORRIEN

It was obvious in Lord Lloyd's broadcast contribution on disarmament that he, who accused of unreality those who wish to go far in disarmament, is himself unaware how much he is out of touch with a particular sort of reality. Things of the spirit are quite as real as tanks and chemical warfare. Anyone who has difficulty in realising this should consider how real are such qualities as hate and fear. There has grown up in the world of late such a constructive passion for peace as was never known in the old days of what is so superficially called the *pax romana*. Those like Lord Lloyd who still call 'peace' that which is maintained by the sword, have not reached the modern conception of peace—what Spinoza calls not merely the negation of war, but a virtue arising from courage of the soul.

The old idea of peace is rooted in fear; the new conception is concerned with a moral courage which must be outside the personal experience of such as Lord Lloyd, or they would recognise and welcome it. The world is reaching up to a better level of national and international relationships. Lord Lloyd is many years behind the impulse which is at the root of the best

and most courageous thought of to-day. It is contemporary thought, and that which is real in its spirit, which will rule the world to-morrow—not the ideals and realities of hundreds of years ago. There can be no doubt that armed peace of the Roman sort will not satisfy the consciences of the twentieth century. The dominance of Roman thought is happily breaking down, except perhaps in those still educated in the classical tradition.

The modern world is, at its best, reaching forward to what we have not previously comprehended or have not had the courage to attempt in Christian living. By this I do not mean Pauline, Roman or traditional Christianity, but the philosophy of Jesus as interpreted by His own life and death, which teaches how fear is to be experimentally overcome by friendship. The more we have courage to practise this philosophy, the more we find ourselves answered by trust and friendship. This is quite as real a truth as that hate and fear beget hate and fear.

Petersfield

G. FRANCES BARNES

Sir Arthur Salter, with his usual brilliance, gives a precise and accurate account of the present position regarding disarmament. But he would be hard pressed to prove his statement that disarmament alone would bring security and prosperity. If we could envisage a transition from expenditure on armaments to expenditure on productive work, with a corresponding absorption of the labour displaced from the armament industries, the statement would bear examination. But since cessation of expenditure on arms would mean the stagnation of the money in swollen bank deposits or its cancellation as repaid bank loans (redemption of national debts, etc.), it is clear that disarmament alone would mean greater unemployment, less security and more destitution.

Armaments are a symptom of war, and we have to seek elsewhere if we want to find the cause. Nobody wants war, but it is clear to me at least that disarming would not remove the cause of war. The resultant distress and unemployment would merely transfer the risk of foreign war to a certainty of civil strife.

London, S.E. 13

M. A. PHILLIPS

Secondary School Fees

I have always looked upon the B.B.C. as a strong supporter of a high democratic ideal in education, and it is for that reason that I would draw your attention to the Board of Education circular 1421 which is now on the table in the House of Commons. The Press has, if somewhat late in the day, given notice to the main points:—the Board will hesitate to approve of a secondary school fee below 15 guineas, and the parents' income above which no free place will be available is proposed as 'from £3-£4'; the proposed allowance for each additional child after the first is 10s. I would point out that this £3-£4 will be calculated on all sources of income: if a son is accustomed to deliver newspapers before he starts for school, his few shillings will be counted in the £3-£4. I have just interviewed Mr. Bosworth-Smith, the Under-Secretary for Education. He denied that the poorer classes would in any way be affected, upon which I asked him to define a 'poor man'; my point was evaded, and, taking the initiative, I submitted that a man earning £6 a week, with four children, was poor. He begged to differ—£3-£4 was a reasonable limit.

I need hardly add that the proposed measure, far from being a 'pause in the policy of expansion', is a retrogressive move; that far from being a true economy, it is, in fact, a false economy. It has been ascertained by a Research Committee at the Institute of Education that the secondary school population will be depleted by approximately 50 per cent., and that hundreds of teachers will consequently be thrown out of work. The example of Bradford Secondary School was thrust at me in my interview with Mr. Bosworth-Smith, and I suggested to him that the increase in school attendance was due to increased suburban population. My argument was accepted, and yet a few days after the same example was quoted in the Press as showing that 'higher school fees mean a greater attendance'. But most of all I would stress this sacrifice of the ideal of free education for all. Circular 1421 endangers those rights so hardly won since 1918; if it is not effectively opposed, our whole educational system slips back half a century.

London, S.E. 9

P. BEECH

Mr. Chesterton and the Unity of Europe

Mr. Chesterton's apologia for Philip II, coupled with his depreciation of William III as an 'unpleasant fellow', is, for all his avowal to the contrary, partisanship and not history. In England, we owe a large instalment of our religious liberty to William III's Act of Toleration, a measure utterly beyond the narrow, blinkered vision of the dutiful but fanatical Philip. If

England was able to develop freely, while Spain remained stagnant and reactionary even down to ex-King Alfonso's day, it was largely because of William III's far-sighted statesmanship, as embodied in a religious Magna Charta such as Spain never saw. When, again, did 'Dutch William' employ Philip's revolting weapon, the Inquisition? England under William was certainly a far pleasanter place to live in than it had been under 'Bloody Mary', or than Spain ever was under Philip.

The 'internationalist soldiers' whom Mr. Chesterton admires—from Cæsar to Napoleon—were in no sense of the word 'good Europeans'. They did not 'try to unite Europe': they merely tried to subjugate Europe, a very different thing. Their egoistic exploits, therefore, bear not the slightest relation to the attempts of our own age to create a federated map of Europe. They were all imperialistic and militaristic adventurers, not true internationalists. Their *modus operandi* was war, the old weapon of ecclesiasticism seeking temporal power.

Mr. Chesterton's too evident 'partisanship' is seen again in his historically meaningless epigram that 'the fall of the Great Empire meant the rise of the Great War'. Chronological sequence is about the only historical link between these two events. We need not go back to the fall of the Holy Roman Empire to see the inevitability of the Great War. The economic developments of the last hundred years are sufficient explanation; had the Empire never fallen, the War would still have happened, economic factors being what they were. But had these been other than they were, the War might still have been avoided, Empire or no Empire. And, finally, while the Empire may have been holy, it is new to learn that it was ever great. It was a hollow shell for centuries before it was at last shattered.

Kendal

VICTOR MOODY

Evolution and Suffering

IN THE LISTENER of October 26, Mr. Gerald Heard suggests that the discovery of a complete lack of conscious centres in the nerve systems of the primitive combatants in the struggle for existence may show us 'in the end that the past was not as terrible as we in our ignorance have supposed, but that after all life may have justified itself even in its clumsiest children'. This may hold good for extinct automata, but what of the undeniable suffering and torment by which alone life has evolved since the development of conscious perception: of the torn bird under the claws of the cat, and of the mangled soldier on the battlefield, unwilling victims of a conflict for ends beyond their comprehension?

Ecclesiastical apologists have urged that the lower animals do not suffer as we imagine, that they even enjoy their life of continual warfare, want and sudden death, so that the 'survival of the fittest' may after all be regarded as the just method of a beneficent God. But in his own life man finds otherwise. His moral sense revolts against the principles of force and egotism that persist from his savage state, and to which his baser nature clings. Advancement by trial and error and the martyrdom of countless individuals in the cause of the race is seen as crude and wasteful, necessary only in the absence of that guiding intelligence which he may now supply. His intellectual emergence from the brutes has been marked by an increasing departure from nature's ways only because he does not think them justified.

Coulsdon

STANLEY D. McDONALD

Sir Ronald Ross

In your issue of October 5, Dr. Russell stated that Manson had little proof to offer in support of his suggestion that 'when a mosquito bit a man it removed from his blood a malaria germ which would live in the mosquito till death, then pass into water or dust, which, when swallowed or inhaled by another man, made him in due course a victim'. Without denying the correctness of this definition of Manson's hypothesis with which Ross dealt, 'Parasitologist' claims (*vide* your issue of October 26) that Manson, consequent upon knowledge he had already found out in connection with *filaria*, 'had good and solid reason for suggesting to Ross' that the mosquito was the agent of transmission of malaria 'in the act of biting'. He omits, however, to give chronological data to establish his assertion. Manson at no time made such a suggestion to Ross, although the mechanism of conveyance of malaria by the bite of the mosquito (without knowledge of its nature or source) had been advanced by Beaupreth and others many years previously. On the contrary, throughout the period of research by Ross, Manson held tenaciously to the incorrect opinion as quoted by Dr. Russell, especially by requiring it to be held that *flagella* 'are to be regarded as flagellated spores'. He rejected the opinion of Big-nami, who held that the bite of the mosquito was concerned.

Ross accomplished the essential part of his research as to the development of the *plasmodium* in the mosquito by August 20, 1897; by July 9, 1898, he had shown that the transmission of the causative agent of malaria from victim to victim occurred by the bite of the mosquito. A reference to pages 17 and 458 respectively of *Tropical Diseases*, by Manson (1898 edition), will show that Manson in the meantime had adhered to water and air

as the transmitting agencies of malaria and of drinking water in the case of *filariasis*. It was not till 1900 that Low and, later, James, showed that the bite of the mosquito was a method of transmission of the latter disease. Consequently, Manson could not have made a suggestion to Ross of the nature ascribed to him by 'Parasitologist' in reference to knowledge thus gained.

'Parasitologist' calls attention to the fact that 'Ross was the first to acknowledge his great debt to Manson'. That is so. He affirmed that, had Manson not framed an hypothesis, his discovery might not have been made. That hypothesis Ross by his toil proved wrong, with the exception that mosquitoes were concerned—a surmise that was not, at the period, confined to Manson. Nevertheless, he fully acknowledged that it was an important incentive to his research to which Manson had given friendly encouragement. Nor, on his part, did Manson fail to place to Ross' credit the full honours of the discovery in the following terms: 'Thus by direct observation and by analogy Ross distinctly, and first, proved that the extracorporeal phase of the malaria parasite is passed in particular species of mosquitoes, and, by analogy, that the parasite is transferred from man to man by the mosquito' (*Tropical Diseases*, pages 18-19). 'To keep going as a species . . . the malarial parasite must have some way of leaving one host and entering another host. It is Ross' great merit to have definitely ascertained and demonstrated the method by which this passage is effected' (Manson's address to the Congress of the Royal Institute of Public Health, 1900).

London, N.W. 4

W. G. KING

Report on Crossword No. 137

This proved a difficult crossword, the right-hand bottom corner being a stumbling-block. Janus' rather ancient edition of Liddell & Scott was responsible for part of the difficulty in 42 Across, modern editions of that lexicon giving *σαραβαλα* for the word *σαραβαλλα*, which is the only form shown in the old editions. This led to trouble over 24 and 28 Down; but in view of the circumstances any solution which was correct except for these three clues has been admitted. Many competitors found themselves in difficulties, mainly of their own making, over 34 Across where the word was *ἀνεπιτηδύ*. The clue 'unseemly' should have given the word easily enough and the 'howler in the termination' is quite simply based on the analogy of *ἡδύς*, *ἡδέα*, *ἡδύ*. In 22 Across the pun on muddled ought to have made things quite easy. The prizewinners are as follows:

O. P. Churchyard (Tonbridge); L. E. Eyres (York); W. S. Hett (Brighton); C. M. Jenkin-Jones (Bootham); E. C. Kennedy (Malvern); D. W. Pye (Llandoverly); and G. W. White (Malvern).

NOTES.—Ac. 1. Hdt. 6. 124; 10. Ar. Thes. 341; 15. Od. 14. 51; 20. Thuc. 4. 26; 26. Hes. Op. 508; 27. Il. 2. 865; 38. Hes. Sc. 131. Down. 1. Ar. Thes. 341; 2. Thuc. 8. 104; 4. Ar. Vesp. 1294; 6. Pindar Frag. 234; 11. Thuc. 3-88; 24. Ar. Ran. 1059; 29. Hdt. 1. 175; 31. Hdt. 1. 37; 34. Il. 9. 470.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
ε	γ	ε	ν	ε	τ	γ	α	ρ
10	ν	ω	τ	ο	π	λ	η	γ
15	ε	ν	ε	ν	α	ι	ο	ν
17	τ	ι	ρ	β	θ	ρ	η	ν
20	ρ	ω	υ	φ	υ	δ	ρ	ο
22	υ	δ	α	σ	ι	μ	υ	α
25	λ	η	π	τ	ε	ο	υ	ο
26	λ	π	ι	λ	ν	α	τ	μ
30	ι	θ	α	κ	η	ν	ε	α
33	σ	η	π	ω	ν	ε	π	ι
36	ε	ρ	α	σ	τ	α	ι	ο
39	ν	η	ι	ρ	υ	ν	δ	α
41	υ	σ	α	ρ	α	β	α	λ
42								

CROSSWORD RULES

1. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, Portland Place, London, W. 1, and should be marked 'Crossword' in the left hand top corner. 2. Clues are not normally given for words of two letters. There are no capricious traps, and legitimate alternatives are accepted. 3. Collaborators may only send in single joint solutions. 4. The Editor reserves the right to disqualify entries for bad handwriting, late arrival, and on suspicion of a breach of the preceding rule. 5. Subject to the above rules, the sender of each correct solution is given a copy of the book prize, when one is offered. Competitors may suggest an alternative book of the same price when sending in their solutions. 6. In all matters connected with the Crosswords the Editor's decision is final.

Books and Authors

Some Famous Historical Characters

- Philip of Spain. By David Loth. Routledge. 15s.
 William of Orange. By G. J. Renier. Peter Davies. 5s.
 Prince Charlie. By Compton Mackenzie. Peter Davies. 5s.
 Bonnie Prince Charlie. By Clennell Wilkinson. Harrap. 8s. 6d.
 Talleyrand. By Duff Cooper. Jonathan Cape. 12s. 6d.
 Napoleon. By Jacques Bainville. Jonathan Cape. 12s. 6d.
 The King of Rome. By R. McNair Wilson. Peter Davies. 5s.

Reviewed by G. K. CHESTERTON

I WISH to speak to you about seven separate books on famous historical characters. One who is reverently referred to as the Richest Man in the World has declared that history is bunk; and I agree that all the history he has learnt probably is bunk. But that is because much education is provincial and narrow; at the best national; and Americans will agree that there has been some bunk even about Bunkers Hill. At the worst it is about virtue merely commercial; and how thrift and temperance will make a man a millionaire; and I hope we all agree that that is bunk. But real history, which is not flattery of oneself or even one's country, but the huge human background of both—that is not bunk, and I want you first to remember that historic background behind all these historic figures.

First, I ask you to remember this. We all hope for peace, or we all want it even if we cannot hope for it. Many people hope that the nations may come to form a united Europe. But many people do not know that the nations originally came out of a united Europe. Under the Roman Empire Europe was one body; in the Middle Ages it was still largely one soul. Now I love nationalism and national heroes; but I want to suggest that there are international heroes. And the point here is that certain leaders, commonly called Emperors, appear from time to time fighting, rightly or wrongly, either to preserve an old empire or European unity or establish a new one. You need not like them unless you like; you can say as a joke that they were always fighting everywhere to keep the peace. One was Cæsar, another Charlemagne, another Napoleon, and another was Charles V, the father of Philip II of Spain.

My first book, written by David Loth, is a book on this *Philip of Spain*, the man who comes into English history by marrying Mary, commonly called Bloody Mary, a privileged lady for whose sake alone the genteel will consent to use that word. Now many of you may know that I am a partisan; I might have a weakness for Bloody Mary. I wish to say strongly that I am not going to be partisan here. I have never quite understood what is meant by being impartial; but I trust I do understand what is meant by being fair. And it would not be fair to press propagandist views upon you, when, owing to the nature of broadcasting, you are most unjustly restrained from yelling back at me, throwing bricks or tearing me to pieces, or otherwise expressing your very legitimate dissent. But the question does not arise here. Mr. Loth is no more Popish than Froude; only more honest. Indeed, I think he has a mild prejudice against such religion. He seldom uses the words 'holy' or 'pious' except as appropriate adjectives for torture and assassination. But he is honest and therefore realises that Philip was honest; at least as honest as his enemies, including William the Silent and not excluding Queen Elizabeth. Now Philip was the son of the great Charles V; the father was a hero and the son was a hero-worshipper. Charles V united the powers of Austria and Spain; and in Austria he was the Holy Roman Emperor standing for the mediæval vision that some Christian Cæsar should unite all political Europe as the Pope united all religious Europe. Thus, perhaps wrongly, but certainly quite naturally, he fought to keep the old mediæval system together. Philip inherited this task, with all its dirty work of war and persecution; but, if he did harm, it marks rather the harm that can be done by a good man than by a bad one. Take the one case of poor Bloody Mary. Tennysonian tradition showed us a queen in love with a sulky brute and burning heretics to please him. Mr. Loth shows the far more subtle and pathetic story of a queen in love with a gentleman who behaved like a gentleman in every way towards her, but could not quite conceal that he cared more for Europe than for her.

Now, when I take next the small monograph of *William of Orange*—that is, our own William III—by G. J. Renier, I ask you to note the same historic background. One result of Spain bestriding Europe like a giant, from Vienna to Lisbon, was that France felt herself surrounded. France became passionately patriotic, struck out in victorious wars and diplomacies till she, in turn, became the greatest Power in Europe, as the Spanish-Austrian combination declined. Unless you

understand this, you cannot understand the almost godlike glory attributed to Louis XIV. Unless you understand the glory of Louis XIV you do not understand the very existence of William III. William III was a good many things; personally I think he was an unpleasant fellow; but that may be prejudice. He was a very able statesman; a very sincere Calvinist; and whether that makes a man nicer or nastier I have never been sure. But he was, first and last, an attack on the French Imperial position in Europe. He was chief magistrate of Holland, and he became King of England, to unite these nations against France. That is where he stands in history; and after that (if we like) we can study his psychology. Mr. Renier likes it less than Macaulay did and more than I do; but that is all a matter of taste. But in his book there is one very curious thing. It marks quite a new stage in English popular history. He says, to sum up what I can only call an explosive preface: 'This book is not in the fashion. I am not a Jacobite'. At this even my own venerable Victorian ears wag. I am a bit of a Jacobite myself; but I had no idea that a man is now out of the fashion if he is not a Jacobite. I thank Mr. Renier, who is not a Jacobite, for the cheering information. Anyhow, it explains the importance of the next two books I shall consider. For two very distinguished writers have written books on Charles Edward, once called the Young Pretender.

One of these is called *Prince Charlie*, and is by Compton Mackenzie. The other is called *Bonnie Prince Charlie*, by Clennell Wilkinson. Now Compton Mackenzie is a Jacobite. There is no nonsense about him; that is, he talks nothing but what all standard historians would have called nonsense. He calls the Prince, 'By right, Charles the Third'; he binds his book in the Royal Stuart Tartan; he is defiant. Now professionally, in a sense, Compton Mackenzie is a romancer. I might almost say Compton Mackenzie is a romance. But Clennell Wilkinson is a biographer and a proved historical scholar. Yet the scholar is more romantic than the romancer. Mr. Wilkinson gives a much larger, more learned and detailed version of the story; but it is the same story. The truth is that in this case the romance is a true romance. Everything about Charles Edward really was romantic. His pedigree was romantic. He had a dull father who did nothing for him. But he had a great great-grandfather, by which I mean a great-grandfather who was great. Perhaps not everybody knows that through his mother he descended from Sobieski, the hero of Poland, who probably saved us all from living in a civilisation of harems and mosques. Perhaps he was as much a Sobieski as a Stuart. Anyhow, the more we study his adventure, the more astonishing it is. I will only mention the one historical mystery of the Battle of Prestonpans. A handful of wild Highlanders charged with barbaric broadswords at a drilled, disciplined British regiment with guns; and for some reason the drilled regiment ran like rabbits and the battle was over in five minutes. When it happened at Killiecrankie, people said it was because the mountaineers fought in their mountains. But Prestonpans is as flat as a pancake and like any field in Flanders where the British had so often stood firm. I do not know why it happened; nor does Clennell Wilkinson; nor does Compton Mackenzie. Anybody might be tempted to think of tales of Celtic glamour and some wave of the preternatural from the mysterious hills. The story sounds like mythology, but it will still be well to keep it in the framework of history. And its place in that framework is this. William of Orange with his Allies had succeeded in diminishing the imperial importance of France, as France in diminishing that of Spain. The Stuarts looked to France for support, and the real reason why the Prince failed was that France was no longer strong enough to back him up. In his last years of exile, we find him complaining of French perfidy. By the way, a careful student like Mr. Wilkinson thinks the story of his drunken decline exaggerated. Most eighteenth century men drank too much; but they also talked too much, and especially against their political enemies. With the failure of Prince Charles, we may say that the old world came to an end. The French Monarchy weakened like the Spanish Monarchy. Out of its last agony came the new world of the French Revolution; and out of the French Revolution came Napoleon.

Here again let us remember history; and before we argue

about Napoleon's character, understand Napoleon's function. He was the next in that series of imperial soldiers, like Caesar and Charlemagne and Charles V, trying to unite Europe; though no longer in an old but in a new order. Great as he was, his task was greater than himself; and, what is not always realised, he knew it. Two books have lately thrown light on his period; one is the quite admirable *Talleyrand* of Duff Cooper; the other is *Napoleon*, by Jacques Bainville, translated by Hamish Miles. The latter is remarkable for its realistic and moderate tone; but especially for its insistence on this—that nobody realised the Napoleonic difficulties better than Napoleon. He was not a saint, but he was never lunatic enough to be a Superman. He was utterly unlike the fatalistic fool who is represented as trusting in his star and thinking himself unconquerable. He not only knew he could be defeated; he had a pretty shrewd idea of how he would be defeated. M. Bainville brings this out in two particular points: first, that Napoleon was quite serious in wanting to crush England before he crushed Austria; second, that he himself rode very reluctantly to the last campaign against Russia. It is only a very modern mystical megalomania that has been falsely read into the character of this great realist of the Age of Reason.

Duff Cooper's *Talleyrand* is the one among these books that may live merely as a piece of literature. It is a graceful apology for a rascal which only the rascal could have gracefully acknowledged. Talleyrand began as a Bishop of the old French Court just before the Revolution. He celebrated the last magnificent public Mass before the Court and the Commons and the Nobles, and only interrupted the sacred office to whisper to a friend, 'Don't make me laugh'. Of his private life Duff Cooper says with restraint: 'Let it be said also, for fear of falling

into panegyric . . . that he acquired notoriety before he acquired fame'. He proposed to King Louis a very vigorous action for breaking the revolt, which the King refused as too bloodthirsty; whereupon Talleyrand went off to help the revolutionists he proposed to destroy. When Napoleon overthrew the Republican leaders, he left them and joined Napoleon. When the Allies overthrew Napoleon, he left Napoleon and joined the Allies. He betrayed Napoleon even while serving him; he betrayed everybody; yet Mr. Cooper makes a case for him, which is briefly this. He was a bad man, a bad priest, perhaps even a bad Frenchman; but he was a good European. The advice the old turncoat gave to every tyrant in turn was good advice for international relations. Whether this be true or no, it brings us back to the same theme: that Talleyrand and Napoleon and many others thought of Europe as a whole.

Trying to be fair to Talleyrand makes Mr. Cooper rather unfair to Napoleon. After all, there was something heroic in Napoleon and nothing heroic in Talleyrand. A good postscript to these books on Napoleon is a book on Napoleon's son, called *The King of Rome*, by R. McNair Wilson, a sketch of the young Bonaparte who died young at the Austrian Court, after the failure of his great father. At least it rounds off the historic outline I have suggested; the lost Emperor of the new united Europe expiring in the very house of the dead Emperors of the old united Europe; the son of Napoleon dying beside the throne of Charlemagne. So does this perpetual hope of Christendom reunited rise and return upon itself. Most English people are taught to rejoice in the failure of Napoleon, as in the failure of Philip. But when I remember that the fall of the Great Empire meant the rise of the Great War, and when I look forward at this moment, I am not so sure.

The Wisdom of a Worker

A Man's Life. By Jack Lawson. Hodder and Stoughton. 5s.

A MAN'S LIFE is a worthy addition to the many fascinating books which have appeared during the year, and it is one which in the breadth of its interests will appeal to a very wide circle. It is dedicated to the author's fellow miners, for, more than anything, he has their interests at heart. He is one of them and has experienced with them, as fellow-workers in the pit, the toil and the hardship of their lot. Here is a revelation for those who know nothing or little of life in a mining centre. It is well known that conditions in mining areas were hard; but no description will bring home the point more vividly, or with more masterly stroke, than the picture of the children in this large family scraping the frying-pan with dry bread, their eyes brightening if they got a little colour and just a faint taste of the fat and bacon which were once there. Facts such as these set down nakedly will reveal a life the grimness of which has never been realised by the majority. It holds no soft places for men and women who know of nothing but poverty and whose days are spent toiling just in order to get something, if not enough, to eat. Yet, in spite of this, many of these workers possess a keen appreciation of beauty and a burning desire for further knowledge. This, then, was the author's earliest recollection of life, and just because it is *his* life, *his* experience, he tells the story directly and simply. Sincerity is the keynote of the whole.

Jack Lawson is one of the people, and has felt it not only his duty but also his privilege to remain with them. There is no hint of 'climbing the rungs of the ladder', nor any impression of a lifetime spent in endeavouring to be rid of earlier associations. Mr. Lawson's attachment to his family is striking, and throughout the book he displays a vigorous pride in the sterling qualities of his parents. He has cut vertically through certain sections of society, rising from miner to Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Labour, but it is worth emphasising once again that the aim of the book is not to parade success, which is the binding thread of so many biographies and autobiographies.

Books were the formative influence of the author's life. Through his reading, an accomplishment beyond his parents, he became a diligent seeker after knowledge. It was a sincere devotion, not the mere desire for information which would lead to advancement. After sacrifices of which only true enthusiasts are capable, he and his wife, to whom he pays the highest tribute, were able to gather together the formidable sum of £26 to enable him to take up residence at Ruskin College. After two years at Oxford, in spite of the fact that arrangements had been made for him to enter the University and take a degree, he chose to go back to the pit. 'I did not want a professional career', he says, 'I was of the pits and would spend my life there, demonstrating, in fact, that a manual worker might be an educated man'. This was the spirit, the enthusiasm and inspiration behind the movement for adult education in its early days.

The central fact which forced itself upon Jack Lawson during his life among the miners was the undervaluing of the manual worker. But he knew that any change in this attitude would

have to have the result of giving greater esteem to the worker if it was to be of value. It was his conviction that knowledge would do this, and it was his purpose to preach this gospel to his fellows. As one of the preliminary steps he organised adolescent classes, running them first in his mother's house and after his marriage in his own home. He was encouraged, and soon started an adult school. This, it is to be remembered, was before the days of the Workers' Educational Classes, etc. To-day there is a variety of educational facilities, from tutorial classes to broadcast lectures. There is a multiplicity of organisations, while secondary education offers more opportunities for the working classes. With these improvements in the educational system, it would be natural to presume that there would be an increased desire for knowledge in the adolescent years. Lawson thinks that this is far from the case. He admits that Workers' Educational Classes and evening classes are increasing. 'But', he questions, 'is the result in proportion to the extended opportunities and the time, work and money now spent on schools?' He answers 'Emphatically no'. Should we not, then, examine more carefully our educational system? It is a disturbing fact that the adolescent should be willing to stop learning where he left off at school, at a time when modern conditions are calling for more and more educated citizens.

Jack Lawson obtained his learning and knowledge, his wisdom and education, at the price of a great struggle, during the course of which he met men better placed in life, who had had greater educational opportunities, but he was to discover that education and status by no means always meant intelligence. He found these men were often below numbers of men whom he knew who had never had any education. He discovered, in fact, that a man may be educated but not intelligent, that intelligence was not come by through the mere acquisition of academic distinction. Moreover, it is his considered opinion that the worker has a definite contribution to make to the thoughts and affairs of life, so long as it is his own thought and not that of 'the latest champion of some "school" whose knowledge of life and mankind is exactly nil'. 'One thing', he says, 'I have learnt and am sure of: schools, colleges and universities, with all their values, do not contain all the wisdom of the world, nor any great part of it'. Great ones still have something to learn from the workers, for theirs is a wisdom 'hewn hardly out of life's quarry'.

We may or may not agree with these dicta, but they provide food for thought and may prevent us from falling into the rut of complacency. Educationalists and politicians may read this book and find unsuspected sidelights on their problems; the student of the working class movement will find in the book a new approach; above all it is a volume for everyone who is interested in life and people.

A Man's Life is marked by a real depth of feeling, and written in a plain but forcible style which is but one of the excellent features of this fine book.

J. W. BROWN

The Listener's Book Chronicle

The Poetry of T. S. Eliot. By Hugh Ross Williamson Hodder and Stoughton. 5s.

It is Mr. Williamson's belief that 'English poetry of the future will be largely unintelligible to those unacquainted with Mr. Eliot's work'. But Mr. Eliot's own poetry is still largely unintelligible to the Plain Reader. The present book, therefore, is intended to lighten the Plain Reader's darkness. Such a book was much needed; for, whether we agree that Mr. Eliot is as abidingly important as Mr. Williamson in his enthusiasm believes him to be, certain it is that he has fathered a new poetry in England and a new criticism. Mr. Eliot rescued English poetry from the Georgian romanticism of escape, and grounded our literary criticism once more upon an authoritative basis. Seeing the change that has come over our poetry, from the melodious pleasantries of Drinkwater, de la Mare, Blunden, etc., to the unsoporific difficulties of Auden, Day Lewis, Bottrill, etc., the Plain Reader stares bewildered and lost. If the one kind of poetry is right, clearly the other is wrong: but which is right? The key, says Mr. Williamson, is to be found in the writings of Mr. Eliot. For Mr. Eliot, being both critic and poet, has told us why he writes as he does and why he believes poetry must follow in the path he points—or perish. But the Plain Reader finds Mr. Eliot himself so hard to follow. And that is just where Mr. Williamson usefully steps in: he prepares the way for an intelligent understanding of Mr. Eliot and, incidentally, of the school which Mr. Eliot has founded. He is, admittedly, an enthusiast; but it cannot be said against him that he allows his enthusiasm to run away with him. (Indeed, it would be difficult, when nailed down to the point, as in this commentary, to be unintelligently enthusiastic about Mr. Eliot.) All the hard thinking that is necessary for the understanding of Mr. Eliot's poetry has here been done for us. More than a third of the book is devoted to a close scrutiny of 'The Waste Land', and it is here that Mr. Williamson is at his best—here, and in the clear, concise chapter dealing with Mr. Eliot's theory of poetry, neatly summed up in an assessment of his poems as expressing 'contemporary consciousness in a depersonalised manner by reference to tradition'. When it comes to the religious and later poems, Mr. Williamson is neither so convincing nor, it would seem, so convinced. His book is to be recommended to all who are interestedly puzzled by the trend of modern English poetry.

War and Western Civilisation

By Major-General J. F. C. Fuller. Duckworth. 10s.

If this book were nothing else it is at least a most refreshing point-to-point gallop over a historical field one hundred years in extent. The analogy goes further, for there is both start and finish. The start is the thesis that from the Napoleonic era onwards wars have been forced on the democratised governments of the world by swaying mobs, actuated by emotion rather than purpose and bewitched by demagogic leadership. To this is coupled the two further points, that war engenders war, and that the influence of the spirit of nationalism, or democracy, has been to brutalise it through excess of sentimentalism. The object which the author had in mind when he got into the saddle is plain. It is to collate the war experience of the last hundred years in order to gather wisdom for the century to come—a laudable, if bold, endeavour. And now we are off on this stupendous ride, clearing all obstacles as they present themselves but never laying them flat. Whole epochs of history whizz past us as we read. Great wars, little wars, wars of conquest and expansion, wars of liberty, and plain and simple revolutions appear, disappear, and are never seen again as the swiftly moving panorama unfolds. The foundations of nationalism, that is, democracy—for the author persists in declaring that they both mean the same thing—are laid between 1815 and 1831, Napoleon having liberated the spirit of the age. From 1832 to 1852 the nursling is incubated in a temperature raised to boiling point by revolution in nearly every important European country, while the war clouds assemble overhead. Between 1853 and 1871 the clouds burst over the Crimea, Northern Italy, the Southern States of the U.S.A., Bohemia and the North-east of France; the spirit of nationalism, or democracy, is consolidated, and Europe is left drenched with blood while Germany sits like an eagle on top of its kill. In the period 1872-1913 the various nationalities, or democracies, respectful of each other's prowess but with war fervour unsated, turn outwards for their spoil and commence a land-grabbing competition from China to the Cape. Finally, as a consummation of the turmoil begot by greed and industrial *saure qui peut*, comes Armageddon, and we see the finishing post ahead. To mark it worthily the author performs a skilful, imaginative feat. He projects himself into the future and sees that the world has coalesced into four international groups, even now the signs being in the sky. These are North and South America in the west, Russia and Asia in the east, Europe in

between, hardening her shell by means of internationalisation in order to withstand the opposing pressures from without, and finally the British Commonwealth of Nations, loosely knit and far flung, standing apart but mostly identifying herself with the interests of Europe. Wars, however, are not to cease. Oh, dear no! Little affairs between one or two countries on one side and a few allied Powers on the other will be unfashionable and out of date it is true. But to compensate for such a changed condition, whole continents will go to war, and on that note the book ends. It begins with the ideal of democratic nationalism and ends with the ideal of continental internationalism, and throughout the years to come the rivers of war must not cease to flow because, in the opinion of the author, only by such healthy circulation can the danger of social, political, scientific, and industrial paralysis be averted. No one will find this book dull or unworthy of being read. One is carried along by the waves of its sincerity, by its anathema, by the interesting facts about tactics, leadership and the universal obtuseness of the military mind which it discloses. The language and the metaphor are robust and strong, and the author's power of giving potted descriptions of campaigns in the clearest style is one to be envied. It is impossible not to enjoy it from cover to cover, and it is all the greater pity on that account not to be quite easy in one's mind as to what the author is exactly getting at.

Man and Mask. By Feodor Chaliapin. Gollancz. 18s.

This is the second volume of memoirs by Chaliapin to appear. It is as fascinating, and far more instructive, than the first (entitled *Pages of My Life* and published a few years ago), because it is devoted to the years of his artistic maturity and tells us much about his conception of his art, and about Russia as he saw it before, during, and after the War. On the technique and philosophy of acting he is incomparable. What he has to say makes one feel that he ought to write a big treatise on this subject. *Man and Mask*, however, is comprehensive enough to deserve inclusion among the text-books which no student of the craft can afford to ignore. And admirers of Chaliapin, who read it without ulterior purpose, will experience many thrills in being let into his secrets. Everybody knows that he is a past master in the art of impersonation and delivery in opera. But it is not so easy to realise that every province of this art—be it even the very matter-of-fact one of make-up—calls for as much hard brain-work as technical skill. Should Tsar Boris Godunov be shown, on the stage, with a moustache and close-cropped hair, as he is seen in contemporary portraits, or with a black beard and shaggy locks? Chaliapin shows that the question is no trifling one, and its solution obvious. When studying the part he had long consultations with a great Russian historian and learnt all he could about Boris, his time, and environment. He is convinced that even the knowledge which seems to have no bearing upon the task in hand, that it is historically doubtful whether Boris was a murderer, helps to devise a true impersonation of him in Mussorgsky's opera, where he is shown as a murderer.

At an early date he learnt to think out things for himself. Wishing to improve on his first interpretation of the Miller's part in the opera, 'The Russalka', he asked a famous actor, Dalski, for advice. He was told, among other things: 'Your intonations are false. You utter the Miller's reproaches to his daughter in the accents of a petty tradesman, whereas the Miller is a steady-going peasant, the owner of a mill and other property'. Lack of variety and of characteristic features in intonation, Chaliapin adds, is a very common fault in opera-singers. And of course, while giving due consideration to the point, the style of the opera itself should be taken into account: 'If I do not know a score from the opening to the closing bar I cannot feel the style in which an opera has been conceived and carried out'. All these and many other sayings—even the most obvious—loom large in the light of his splendid achievements in a repertory ranging from Massenet's 'Don Quichotte' and Don Basilio in Rossini's 'Barbiere' to 'Boris Godunov'. It is interesting to learn that he has never been able 'to incarnate the Mephistopheles which he carries in his heart'. The part, he says, has been one of the bitterest disappointments of his career: 'so remote from life, so indefinable, so abstract and geometrical is the character of Mephistopheles, that I believe sculpture to be the only medium in which it can be expressed. . . a bare framework stripped of all unessentials. I have tried hard to realise this conception on the stage, but have never been satisfied'.

The chapters on Russia are equally telling. 'My outlook on the world', he remarks, 'is neither political nor sociological: it is an actor's point of view, an actor's outlook'. And it is that of a man endowed with a great capacity for observation and a keen sense of humour. Portraits and descriptions of events are extraordinarily live and racy. For instance, that of a commissioner of police who received him in his bath and invited him to share a breakfast consisting of vodka and cucumbers;

or of Lunacharsky before the War, 'a red-headed man with an eye-glass and a Henri-Quatre beard, wearing a white muslin blouse with black spots, pulled in with a narrow belt, or perhaps it might have been a girdle'.

When speaking of music he is, as a rule, careful not to encroach upon provinces which are not properly his, prefacing his statements with remarks such as 'I am not sufficiently versed in music to give an absolute opinion'. And he is not only unassuming, but thoughtful and genuine enough to command the utmost respect. One bad break of his, on a point of plain fact, should, however, not be allowed to pass. He says of 'Boris Godunov' that had it been produced in strict accordance with the original score, the performance would have lasted about eleven hours. It is impossible to conceive what gave him this amazing notion. It corresponds to nothing on earth. The genuine 'Boris', broadcast from Berlin 'in strict accordance with the original score', was found to take exactly three hours and ten minutes, exclusive of intervals. It would be a great pity if an inaccurate statement by an artist who has done so much to propagate Mussorgsky's music was to prejudice producers against the authentic form of a masterpiece rescued from oblivion at last after half a century of vicissitudes.

Germany. Edited by Jethro Bithell. Methuen. 15s.

France and Germany. By J. Haller. Constable. 7s. 6d.

Germany is so very much alive nowadays that a guide book to her history is essential. *Germany: A Companion to German Studies* is more than a guide-book: but it does also provide that necessary information which is essential for any interpretation of modern Germany. The editor, Mr. Bithell, who is Reader in German in the University of London, has performed his task well; and his own contributions in the chapter on modern German literature and especially in the introductory chapter dealing with race and language, are the most illuminating in the whole book. He is not afraid to face the entirely new issues in life and letters which are perplexing Germany to-day; and he interprets his facts besides recording them. The chapters on history, by Mr. W. H. Dawson, Mr. Hugh Quigley and others, are competent and useful. They contain what everyone ought to know about German history, before beginning any study of German authors. But they are conventionally 'political'. They do not deal with the immense social changes of recent years, nor with the religious issues of the sixteenth century. This does not diminish the value of the book as a 'Companion': but it does necessitate some allowance for its limitations. The spirit in which the chapters on literature are written is much more modern. The chapters on painting, music, architecture and sculpture are excellent as summaries, but they are evidently subordinated in the book to the study of literature, with which indeed most of our German studies in universities and schools are mainly concerned.

France and Germany, which contains an English translation of some German lectures by Professor Haller, is a much less satisfactory addition to our knowledge. The author probably believes himself to be impartial: but without any pro-French bias, the reader might very well object that French policy is unfairly interpreted and German policy seen in a rosy haze of romantic Bismarck-worship. It is ridiculous to treat quarrels of kings in 900 A.D. as episodes in a rivalry between Germany and France: and it is dangerous to isolate that comparatively modern rivalry from the whole of European history.

Discovery. By John Drinkwater. Benn. 10s. 6d.

This second volume of Mr. Drinkwater's autobiography is likely to command the attention of a wide public, certainly of the majority of people who are eager to read of the intimacies of those who have made themselves figures in the modern world. The book is most charmingly produced. The publishers deserve the greatest credit for its letterpress, for the illustrations, and for its end papers. No doubt there will be captious critics who will demand whether three—or is it to be four?—volumes of the autobiography of even a distinguished modern poet and playwright are not rather a lot, but exhibitionism has nowadays ceased to be a vice and become merely a habit, and if he errs Mr. Drinkwater errs in notably good company.

There is one particularly refreshing aspect about this second volume. Mr. Drinkwater can very justifiably be proud of being a self-made man; the greater part of this book is taken up with the account of how, entirely owing to his own talents and personality, he forced himself out of the rut of an insurance office into the wider field of the arts. Now the self-made man has, as a rule, one singularly tiresome idiosyncrasy—he makes a virtue of the most tedious necessity, and is inclined to glorify his own disadvantages at the expense of those more fortunately situated in circumstances than himself. Mr. Drinkwater does not begin to subscribe to such humbug. While proud, and justifiably proud, of his career, he says specifically that in his view his early struggles, so far from being a valuable training or a worthwhile conflict, were simply a waste of time. He admits that he

himself would have preferred to have gone to a university—and for preference to Oxford at that—than to have spent some of the most impressionable years of his life in trying to persuade people who did not want them to buy insurance policies, and sharing bags of rotten fruit with his colleagues for his midday meals. 'I can assure anyone', he says, 'who believes in the rough school of experience, that during the years of my schooling in provincial lodgings, I got precious little out of it. . . . At the age of twenty I was a dimly ignorant young man, ignorant of literature and public affairs and life. . . . I am often told that being thrown on my own resources like that was good for me; mostly it was not—it was a waste of time'. This candour in a democratic age is singularly refreshing; but apart from the candour of the revelation, this story of a young insurance agent's first discovery of poetry, and of his experiments with amateur theatricals which led to his first meeting with Sir Barry Jackson and Sir Barry's remarkable parents, has a very definite fascination. It may be that the picture is drawn rather too much in half tones; melodrama is missing. Though the insurance agent was compelled by economic stringency to live on porridge and rotten fruit, nevertheless he could always eat, and when success came, it came not with blazing lights or in staring headlines, but in escape from the insurance agency into the sympathetic milieu of a definite job with the celebrated Birmingham Repertory Company.

The seeker after sensation may be disappointed, but the student of human nature will be interested, satisfied, and entertained, and not the least charming of the aspects of this volume are the various sporting episodes, which Mr. Drinkwater tells with the true sentimentalist's gusto. The reader feels that Mr. Drinkwater was almost as happy to be told by a famous Nottinghamshire bowler that, if he could have him for a week, he could make a batsman of him, as he was when he was invited by Sir Barry Jackson to open his stage career by playing Fabian in 'Twelfth Night'. At the end of the volume Mr. Drinkwater has taken the momentous choice 'which', he declares, 'to have missed would have been to miss my life'.

Working for the Soviets. By W. Rukeyser. Cape. 7s. 6d.

'Yet another book about Soviet Russia! Shall I bother to read it, or is it only dope?' Such is the usual attitude now towards books about Russia, and there is ample reason both for the impatience and the distrust. Mr. Rukeyser's book is among those that are worth reading, though too much must not be expected of it. Mr. Rukeyser was employed, as consultant and supervising engineer, by the Russian asbestos trust at their plant in the Urals. He had a close-up view, in 1929 and again in 1930-1931, of the transformation under the Five-Year Plan of an important productive unit. He took part in the improvement and mechanisation of a poorly-equipped mining and milling centre: he helped in the laying down of new plant, now the world's largest: he witnessed the operation of Soviet institutions, economic, political, cultural and social: he saw a small and primitive settlement begin to acquire the equipment and the spirit of a Soviet community. His book—those parts of it, that is, which describe these things—might reasonably be compared with *Middletown*, or any other description of the similar history of an American town. And Americans are the right people to describe these things: they are renewing the youth of their own country in this vivid expansive Russia. But more than this practical observation cannot be taken from Mr. Rukeyser's account of his experiences. He takes New York standards about with him, and they are largely irrelevant to the Russia of to-day. The events he narrates are extremely interesting, but his evaluation of them, though fair-minded and inspired by good will, is of no particular importance. What he has to say of his relations with his employers and fellow-workers, of his experience of the working among colleagues of the G.P.U. ('whenever the G.P.U. strikes, it is usually with reason'), of the methods of the Workers' and Peasants' Inspection, of the ordinary conduct of the asbestos business is thoroughly worth while. Mr. Rukeyser is an honest observer, an engineer not a sociologist, and his interesting book is an engineer's book—plain, direct, matter-of-fact. It may be summed up as well-informed conversation about a particular phase of Russian development.

Tales of Hoffman. Illustrated by Mario Labocetta Harrap. 21s.

Mario Labocetta is a young Neapolitan artist, who began by painting scenes and settings for a travelling marionette theatre, and has since designed posters in France. The influence of these experiences is seen in the illustrations which he has produced for these five tales of Hoffman. They combine the neatness of the puppet-stage with the richness and well-balanced detail of the ballet; the colouring is luminous, delicate, and yet bold. Only in the human faces and figures is there perhaps a certain immaturity and monotony of style. In general these illustrations are singularly appropriate to the bizarre and melancholy genius of Hoffman.